JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LXXXXIX NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 28, 1939 NUMBER 1282

And Pilate Washed His Hands

More than nine hundred Jewish refugees from Germany, who were sent back across the Atlantic when Cuba refused to receive them, have now been granted a temporary haven in Belgium, France, the Netherlands and England. The Cuban government behaved cruelly toward these refugees who had left Germany believing their papers were in order. But Americans can hardly criticize Cuba, for our own part in the business is if anything a little worse. These refugees expected to enter the United States; they have quota numbers that will be good at various times in the fairly near future. There was no reason—no reason that sensible people need respect—why they should not have been allowed to land on temporary visas until their quota numbers came up. Instead, we permitted them to be sent back across the ocean, under the closest guard lest the five attempts at suicide in Havana harbor should become fifty or a hundred. Bureaucratic cruelty was at the top of its form in our national capital last week.

How to Get a Business Revival

Chairman Eccles of the Federal Reserve Board said in a speech the other day substantially what George Soule said in his "After the New Deal" articles in The New Republic—that the government would have to spend a lot more money to keep our economy going, and that the best place to enlarge spending is where private enterprise has failed to do so—in new investment. As our articles did, he also pointed out that three great channels for such investment exist in construction, particularly of housing, in railroads and in utilities. Such investment would fill actual needs, and under proper management it would mean no added burden on the Treasury and the taxpayers, for the projects can be self-liquidating, or nearly so. The historic function of private enterprise is to borrow money and put it to use in enlarging production and employment. Whenever and wherever private enterprise surrenders that function, government must take it up. There are increasing signs that the administration is going to make this the keynote of its economic policy.

Big-Hearted Congressmen

Our financially righteous Representatives, who sternly vote for balanced budgets and cuts in relief, recently passed an income-tax law for the District of Columbia. Everybody who lives or gets his income there will have to pay it, whether Washington is his legal residence or not. Anyone who must pay an income tax in his own state may deduct it from the District of Columbia levy. But wait a minute—did we say all in Washington were included? The big-hearted Congressmen, without a record vote, exempted themselves and the Senators. Some day, when residents of the District get the vote, they will rise up and put such a tax on Congressmen that the Capitol will be as silent as the Great Pyramid.

CONTENTS

The Week 197

Editorials

A Telegram about the WPA 199
Japan's Challenge to Britain 201
In Reply to Mr. Lundberg 202

General Articles

H. C. Earwicker and Family . Edmund Wilson 203
If Not Chamberlain, Who? . Bernard Knox 206
America and the Next War: III 208
Who Lied About Spain? . . . . . James Benét and Bruce Bliven Jr. 211
Shoot the Works . . . Heywood Broun 213
Washington Notes . . . . . T. R. B. 214
Other People's Money . . John T. Flynn 215
The Bandwagon 216
Correspondence 216

Summer Book Number

Swing Around Asia . . John Chamberlain 219
Let's Talk About Cheap Books . William Saroyan 220
Sea Power and Land Power . . . . . Charles A. Beard and Alfred Vagts 221
World-Telegram (verse) . John Berryman 225
No Hands . . . . . Otis Ferguson 226
Drummer Boy . . . . . Dawn Powell 227
Russians Are Human . Robert M. MacGregor 228
Penny Wise, Pound Foolish . . . . . William Carlos Williams 229
The Book of Proverbs . . Kenneth Burke 230
New Books: A Reader's List 230

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COP

A. T. & T.

The Bell Telephone System, dominated by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, is big business. Its plant is worth six billion dollars; it has more employees than anybody else except the federal government. The A. T. and T. controls no less than 272 other organizations. It is important news, then, when the Federal Communications Commission issues a report sharply criticizing the policies of the A. T. and T. and asking legal authority to change them. Some of the high spots:

From 1913 to 1935 the company earned "unusual" profits—7 percent on book value and 21 percent on the cash investment in the capital stock.

On Western Electric, a wholly owned subsidiary, the earnings were 23 percent.

In the year 1927, telephone instruments sold by Western Electric to other A. T. and T. units cost $14,000,000 more than was necessary.

The company has lost money by insisting on marketing its securities through J. P. Morgan and Company and Morgan, Stanley and Company.

The FCC charges that valuable patents, which would have resulted in improved service, have been kept idle for long periods of time.

Systematic efforts have been made to create favorable public opinion for the company. Between 1922 and 1935, $68,000,000 was spent for advertising and the testimony shows that certain editors changed their attitude toward the A. T. and T. after advertising contracts had been written. In some cases editors agreed not to print letters complaining of telephone service without showing them to the telephone company in advance.

The company subsidized the writing and publishing of three books, the most recent of which was "The Telephone Idea," by Arthur Pound, which appeared in 1926.

Paul A. Walker, the member of the FCC who has studied the telephone business, has said (but not in this report) that telephone rates could be cut 25 percent without adversely affecting earnings. The FCC claims it has already saved $30,000,000 to consumers by pressure on the company, including a reduction in interstate tolls of $12,000,000 a year. It seems clear on a basis of this report that the relations among the telephone industry, the public and the government need drastic overhauling.

The Third Submarine

To the "Squalus" and the "Thetis" add the "Phénix" and a loss of seventy-one officers and men. When three submarines are sunk under mysterious circumstances all within less than a month, all belonging to democratic nations, it is inevitable that around the world should run a whisper of sabotage. The naval experts disparage such talk. They say that it would be impossible for a stranger to get at a submarine and inflict damage, while his own death warrant by such an act. They insist further that sabotage during the construction of submersible craft would be equally impossible. Somehow, these denials sound a little too easy to be convincing. It is true, however, that the submarine is a highly dangerous craft and that there have been accidents in other navies—including the Japanese—in the recent past. The "Phénix" will probably never be raised, but the "Thetis" and "Squalus" will be. We hope the careful investigation then possible will answer the question whether these accidents were not accidents.

The Catholics Fight Anti-Semitism

We have two pieces of good news to record this week. Committees to fight anti-Semitism have been set up in the United States by Catholics and by Italian-Americans. The two organizations, which are of course entirely separate, will help to offset anti-Semitic activities within the Church and by the Italian government.

The Committee of Catholics to Fight Anti-Semitism intends "to oppose the dangerous aberration of anti-Semitism in the fullness of Christian charity and . . . to popularize genuine teaching among our Catholic people in all walks of life. . . . The Committee will act vigorously and will face squarely all issues." Among the signers of its declaration are John Brophy of the CIO; Colonel P. H. Callahan; Margaret Culkin Banning; Philip Burnham, editor of The Commonweal and Dorothy Day, editor, and William M. Callahan, managing editor of The Catholic Worker.

The Italian organization is a Bureau for Good Will between Italians and Jews in America. It is an offshoot of the Grand Lodge of the Sons of Italy, Inc., which has 200 local organizations throughout New York State. According to Dr. Santo Modica, Grand Master, the new bureau will seek "to stop such a movement [anti-Semitism] which is contrary to our traditions and American ideals, and will . . . do its utmost to revive friendly relations and mutual coöperation." The cooperation of outstanding Hebrew institutions has already been promised. We hardly need to underline the importance of such developments at a time when racial prejudice seems to be increasing so rapidly.

Books for Two Bits

If there were a medal for the boldest venture in the publishing field, this year it should go to Mr. Robert F. de Graff for his Pocket Books. They are printed in large type, on paper that is thin but fairly opaque and pleasant to the touch. They are bound in Duragloss, which seems to be a thin coating of celluloid over stiff paper; at any rate, it is bright, clean and practical. They are small enough to slip easily into one's pocket, although each of them contains the full text of a successful book. The first list of ten titles is a mixture of the classical (five tragedies of Shakespeare), the highbrow

DIGITIZED BY HATHITRUST
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by the movies ("Lost Horizon"); there ought to be something for every taste. But the most important news about Pocket Books is their price, which is 25 cents. It means that books can be distributed through new outlets—cigar shops, newsstands, corner drugstores—and that they have a chance of reaching the widest possible audience. Obviously the success of the venture depends on mass sales. We are going to treat ourselves to half a dozen volumes, with the pleasant sense of helping along a good cause.

Queer Doings in the Northwest

The state of Washington is now boiling with one of the worst cases of infringement of academic freedom in years. Dr. Charles H. Fisher, president for sixteen years of the Western Washington College of Education at Bellingham, has been dismissed. The action has been taken by Governor Clarence D. Martin, acting through a board of trustees that is completely under his domination. Dr. Fisher points out that no charges have been filed against him and insists he is entitled to know why he is being forced out. He says that the Governor has acted under pressure from members of the American Legion, KKK and Silver Shirts.

Frank Sefrit, editor of The Bellingham Herald, is widely known as one of the "professional patriots." He has announced that nobody listed in Mrs. Elizabeth Dilling's "Red Network" may ever speak at the college; he would thus cut off Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt and many others included in various editions of Mrs. Dilling's psychopathological book. Four years ago Sefrit made a group of silly charges against Dr. Fisher, the chief of which was that the United States flag was not displayed often enough. He also wanted more "Christian leaders" to speak to the students. At that time the charges were ignored by general consent. Now Washington has a timid Governor who apparently knows and cares nothing about the principles of academic freedom.

Dr. Fisher has the overwhelming support of his faculty, student body and educational, labor, religious, business and liberal groups—of everyone in Washington with any real devotion to American principles. We suggest to our readers that they write Governor Martin at Olympia, Washington, in support of Dr. Fisher, sending copies to him and to Verne Branigan, secretary of the Board of Trustees of Western Washington College of Education, at Bellingham.

News Notes of a Week

Propaganda Minister Joseph Goebbels of Germany made two speeches at Danzig, assuring the city that Adolf Hitler was still watching over it. Another demonstration was planned for the week-end of June 24, with an official delegation present from the German navy. The aim was not, of course, to quiet Polish has bogged down again. Maybe that is why the Japanese army was taking out its pique on the English, who don't fight back.

Representative Bland of Virginia said that the Merchant Marine Committee would hold hearings on his bill for marine insurance. In the event of a war in which the United States was neutral, the measure would provide, from a revolving fund set up in the Treasury, war-risk insurance on American vessels, their cargoes and crews. . . . One of Mayor Hague's henchmen was to introduce to the city council a new street-meeting ordinance for Jersey City, in place of the one declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court. It would limit meetings to four places specified in the ordinance and require that a permit be obtained. . . . At a football match in Prague, there was a player named Benes. The spectators made him the hero of the match, though he didn't play especially well, and on the occasion of his being withdrawn from the game for a short time, shouted loudly: "Put back Benes! We want Benes!" When some one called, "Which one?" the crowd roared, "Both!"

A Telegram About the WPA

THE 1940 RELIEF BILL, as it left the House of Representatives, was in terrible shape. Its budget of $1,735,000,000 was entirely inadequate, to begin with. In addition it terrorized the relief workers by setting a fixed term to their employment and subjecting them to political inquisition. Finally, the bill contained changes and limitations certain to impair the operating efficiency of the Work Projects Administration.

In the House the final vote on the bill was overwhelmingly in favor—373 yeas, 21 nays and 36 not voting. When it is said that "relief is not a political question" what is meant is that Democrats and Republicans together have consented to pass an unspeakably bad measure. Relief *is* a political question, and in a sense so important that the Tweedle-Dums of one party and the Tweedle-Dees of the other seem to have missed the point completely. The House had a chance to show that our democracy is capable of looking after its most urgent national problem—unemployment. At the very least the legislators could have shown an awareness of their responsibility. But on the contrary, in its special investigations and in the debate on the floor and in subcommittee, the House only stumbled and blundered. Finally it brought forth a wretched bill, concerned not so much with helping the twelve or fifteen million unemployed as with sabotaging federal relief and ferreting out the scattering of Communists within the ranks.

At the moment of writing the relief bill is under consideration by the Senate Subcommittee on Appro-

LICENSED TO NEWSBANK
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ate will rush the measure along, and we hope that this does not mean that, in their hurry, the Senators will ignore the legislative damage the House has done. Of course relief is a pressing matter. The present appropriation runs out July 1. But the Senate has an enormous amount of patching and pruning that must be done, even if it takes time.

The first and worst mistake the relief bill makes is to assume that from July 1, 1939, to June 30, 1940, the government will need to help only 2,000,000 of the unemployed. Since 1935, when the WPA began, there have been perhaps as many as 15,000,000 men and women out of work. That number has fluctuated only slightly, but the government, acting under various political pressures, has supported a number that has varied from 1,500,000 to 3,500,000. The figure has never been nearly high enough. Those whom the federal government ignores must depend upon the cities and states for their living. And, as so many careful and expert studies have shown, the local relief agencies have neither the money nor the administrative personnel to handle so big a problem.

In October, 1938, the WPA was employing about 3,200,000. Beginning with this July, if the bill finally passes in its present form, the number will be cut to an average of about 2,000,000, and most of the others will have to turn to the local agencies, who cannot give them aid. President Roosevelt is partly to blame for the proposed reduction in the WPA. Perhaps he thought that wishing would make it so; that he could reduce the amount of need in the country next year by simply smiling and announcing that it would be one-third less.

In the second place the cut in the total appropriation (from $2,250,000,000 to $1,735,000,000) means the end of the art and white-collar projects, in many ways the most valuable of all the work the WPA has been doing. The total number of people employed by the cultural projects is relatively small, but their contribution has been enormous. In spite of all the testimony by experts in behalf of the various arts projects, the House voted to destroy any hope of their future productivity.

All WPA employees who have been at work for eighteen months or more (with one or two excepted classifications) are to be fired for sixty days, beginning October 1. The theory is that the WPA is full of people who could get private jobs but are making a career of relief work. This theory is ignorant and cruel. It is not supported by facts. Its application will drive the workers into terror and deliver a blow at general confidence. At the end of the two months those may be rehired who can obtain "recertification" by the agencies which originally hired them—and, obviously, all of those who have worked, within the WPA, to improve the status of its employees, might as well abandon hope of being "recertified." This provision is simply the blacklist that [illegible] employers have been using for decades

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

individual employer to practise discriminatory rehiring. But the Wagner Act explicitly does not apply to the government as an employer. In the case of the other applicants, the wastes of red tape will operate.

The bill excludes "aliens" and "those seeking the overthrow of the government"—without making it clear whether or not these terms can be applied (as they often have been) to anyone who seems likely "to cause trouble."

In the past the WPA has paid its workers the "prevailing wage" in their industries by the hour, and simply fixed the maximum any one worker could earn during a week. The House bill abandons that policy and substitutes a "subsistence wage" to be paid in reward for a minimum of 130 hours of work a month. WPA employees without dependents, however, may work fewer hours and receive a corresponding reduction in pay (although it is clearly heartless to pay a man less than a subsistence wage). In plain words, the government proposes to buy 130 hours of work and pay the family man who supplies the labor just enough to keep one adult alive. The effect of this provision will be damaging, not merely to the WPA workers, but to labor in general, through its competitive reduction of wage standards.

New construction projects are limited to a total cost of $50,000 apiece for federal buildings and $40,000 for others. The House makes certain, that is to say, that the WPA will be unable to accomplish anything very impressive—the roads and bridges and school buildings that we need will not be built.

Instead of a single administrator, the bill provides for a bi-partisan board of three in charge of the WPA; presumably a Democrat, a Republican and an army engineer. If the House had spent a year thinking up a board of control designed to hamstring the direction of the WPA, they could hardly have done better.

There are other bad features; these are perhaps the most glaring mistakes the House has made. And the political errors it makes seem to us far more fundamental than simply its callous overlooking of the human tragedy it involves. What is going to become of a government that can ignore the interests of at least 20 percent of its voters?

Everything now depends on courageous action by the Senate and the administration. Their action in turn, depends upon the vocal demands of all of us who realize the importance of rewriting the 1940 relief bill. Sometimes The New Republic has been accused of a certain quality of aloofness from the facts we report. But now the editors of The New Republic implore you to act, as we ourselves are acting, to call upon your Senators and upon your President to rectify the mistakes the House of Representatives has made. We are sending this telegram to President Roosevelt and to Chairman Alva Adams of the Senate Subcommittee on

PASSAGE OF THE 1940 RELIEF BILL IN ITS PRESENT FORM WOULD BE DISASTROUS. WE URGE THAT THE APPROPRIATION BE INCREASED TO PROVIDE FOR EMPLOYMENT OF AN AVERAGE OF AT LEAST THREE MILLION ON WPA AT WAGES THAT WILL SUPPORT THEM AND THEIR DEPENDENTS. WE ASK THAT THE ARTS PROJECTS BE RESTORED, THAT THE PROVISIONS FOR COMPULSORY DISCHARGE AND DISCRIMINATORY REHIRING BE STRICKEN OUT, AND THAT THE PRESENT WAGE STANDARDS BE RETAINED. WE ASK THAT THE LIMIT ON NEW CONSTRUCTION PROJECTS BY THE WPA BE RAISED TO $100,000 AND THAT THE PRESENT ADMINISTRATIVE CONTROL BE PRESERVED.

THE EDITORS OF THE NEW REPUBLIC

Japan's Challenge to Britain

THE CONTROVERSY between Great Britain and Japan over the blockade of Tientsin places the United States in an awkward dilemma.

This is not a mere "incident," arising inadvertently because of the presence of interests of a third nation in an area where hostilities are in progress between two others. It began, at least, as a deliberate challenge by Japan to force Great Britain to side with her. "Either stop lending money to Chiang Kai-shek and allowing the transit of supplies and munitions to him," Japan said in effect, "or we will drive you out of China." Indeed, it may be that Japan wants active aid as a price for cessation of blackmail, and will demand that Britain become her silent partner in trade and the future exploitation of eastern Asia instead of maintaining her historical independent position.

The calculations of the Japanese are based upon an estimate of Britain's power to resist. The British government is busy in Europe; it cannot spare enough warships or soldiers to prevent Japan from doing whatever she desires in China, and even her total force might not be effective anyway at such a long distance. France, however much she may wish to coöperate, cannot contribute enough aid to turn the balance. Only addition of the United States navy could sufficiently penalize Japan to make her course really perilous. And the Japanese do not think we will go so far. Economic reprisals by Britain could injure Japan, but not too seriously unless they amounted to complete economic non-intercourse and included the Dominions. Even so, they are not likely to be applied unless the United States joins the boycott.

Here is a situation in which, unlike that in Europe, the attitude of this country really could be decisive. In Europe, totalitarian aggression could have been checked, and probably still could be, by Great Britain, France and the Soviet Union, without our aid. They are closer to the trouble zones and have more power, however, we have greater power, both naval and economic, than they.

If Britain surrenders because we decline to aid her, it will mean eventually that the Western powers have become Japan's allies against China. But the other horn of the dilemma is equally unattractive. If we aid Britain, we shall be supporting merely British imperialism in the Far East. This has been, in the past, little more savory than the Japanese brand. Why should we participate in a struggle between rival imperialisms over the prostrate body of China, even if for the moment China prefers one to the other because it is more distant and less menacing?

In forcing this issue, Japan has chosen her ground cleverly. Tientsin is a treaty port, but one in which this country has no direct interest. We have no legal reason for intervening against the blockade of a purely British concession. Even if the status were different, however, as in Shanghai or Kulangsu—cases in which we have intervened to protect American interests—the ground for action would be shaky. Do we intend to risk a war in protection of foreign commercial stakes and capital investments in China, whether they are British or American? Does this sort of thing comport with our high moral protestations in international affairs? We should, of course, long ago have imposed an embargo on scrap steel, which is essential for Japanese manufacture of munitions, but not on the basis of an issue like this.

The dilemma arises in the first place from the fact that neither Great Britain nor the United States has in the past acted logically to fulfill the implications of the Open Door policy and the Nine-Power Pacific Treaty. The basic idea of this policy is that the integrity of China as an independent nation must be preserved and the door for trade and investment must be left open equally to all, with special privileges to none, and without "spheres of influence." Any other course, it was said, would lead to dangerous international rivalry and perhaps to conflict. Japan is now engaged in a wholesale challenge of that doctrine, demanding a large part of China, if not the whole of it, as her own field of exploitation. But Britain and the United States, in maintaining treaty ports, concessions and extraterritoriality, have in special instances negated the doctrine. It is such an exclusive interest that Japan is now endangering in Tientsin. If it were not for the illogical action of the Western powers in the past, she would not have had an opportunity to do so, and the general issue about her aggression in China would be much clearer.

There is no necessity for Great Britain to yield to Japan by joining the Japanese cause, even if she has to surrender Tientsin and other points to *force majeure*. We sincerely hope she will not do so. At the same time,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nations to clarify the situation by preparing as soon as possible to surrender to the legitimate Chinese government their treaty rights which are inconsistent with the Open Door policy. They will then have prepared solid ground for any decision as to how much aid they wish to give to maintain the integrity of China, and by what means.

In Reply to Mr. Lundberg

IT MAY BE that The New Republic owes an apology to its readers for devoting so much space, on pages 216, 217 and 218, to the letter from Ferdinand Lundberg, secretary of the Committee for Cultural Freedom, but if anyone is bored by it he may forgive us for two reasons: first, that our opponents among the Left factions are always accusing us of unfairness for not printing their arguments in full, no matter to what length they run; second, because for once it seemed advisable to show a good exhibit of the kind of contentiousness that recently has tended to split and dishearten American progressive movements.

We shall not compound the offense, however, by attempting to reply to Mr. Lundberg in his own spirit and at his own length. It is more to the point to emphasize briefly our own position on the more important issues with which he deals.

We are not, as he charges, Stalinists, nor is our admonition to his committee or our stand on other issues determined by sympathy with Stalinism. It is categorically untrue that "at least one" of our editors "attends to nothing else" than "every little eddy of politics on the Left"—or indeed that any pays much attention to such matters. The absurdity of the epithet ought to be sufficiently obvious to any well informed person on one ground alone, if not on others—that this paper has for several years with all its might and main opposed the entrance of the United States into any system of "collective security"—and has been roundly denounced for it by the American Communist press.

In internal affairs, on which we lay primary stress, we have always stood for as much united action as possible on the progressive front, and especially against splitting of the labor movement. When the Communists were engaged in splitting activities we reproached them for it. In recent years their policy in this matter has changed, and we have welcomed the change—as it seems to us we were logically obliged to do. We will work with anybody for objectives in which we believe —even though they may have other objectives in which we do not believe. This seems to us good democratic and liberal strategy. But those anti-Stalinists who allow their activities in this country to be determined by their opinions about Russia seem to us to go on the opposite principle: they do not hesitate to split and defame any Stalinists have anything to do with it, no matter how small or uninfluential the Communist faction may be, and no matter what its activities. And they are always ready to apply the Red smear, no matter what the facts. This is just what we feared the Committee for Cultural Freedom might do, and Mr. Lundberg's letter sounds as if he thought it would too. He does not hesitate to label us Stalinists, apparently because we are unwilling to oppose Stalinists on every conceivable issue.

As to appraisal of what goes on in the Soviet Union, we insist on freedom of judgment rather than wholesale praise or wholesale condemnation. Where we do not know enough about the facts, we decline to render a final opinion. Many things that have been done inside the Soviet Union are good; its foreign policy has been a steady influence for peace. We have said so and have defended the existing regime against prejudiced or uninformed criticism.

We have seen no evidence conclusive to us that the political trials were "frame-ups," at least as a whole, but we have clearly pointed out the discouragement that they must cause in progressive circles concerning the state of affairs that could produce so much treason if they are not frame-ups. We have often expressed the fervent hope that the enlargement of democracy and civil liberties in the Soviet Union could be hastened.

We see no sense or justice in making no distinction between the Fascist and the Soviet societies, in their general tendencies. Certainly, in the present state of world affairs, it seems to us that failure to make such distinctions, if even in matters of foreign policy alone, is calamitous. Holding these opinions, we naturally are fearful of the influence of any organization whose activities seem to be directed by those whose main preoccupation is to express hostility toward the Soviet government. And we hope and trust that Mr. Lundberg's letter does not accurately represent the ideas of others who signed the manifesto of his committee.

THE NEW REPUBLIC
A Journal of Opinion

Editors
BRUCE BLIVEN MALCOLM COWLEY R. M. LOVETT
GEORGE SOULE STARK YOUNG

Assistant Editors: OTIS FERGUSON ELIZABETH HULING

Contributing Editors
JAMES BENÉT BRUCE BLIVEN JR. H. N. BRAILSFORD
HEYWOOD BROUN JOHN T. FLYNN WALDO FRANK
E. C. LINDEMAN JON. MITCHELL LEWIS MUMFORD
REXFORD G. TUGWELL

Treasurer: DANIEL MEBANE

E. G. WOOD *Advertising Manager*
BYRON DEXTER *Circulation Manager*

SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN, FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS;

LICENSED TO LINZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

H. C. Earwicker and Family

"Ulysses" was an attempt to present directly the thoughts and feelings of a group of Dubliners through the whole course of a summer day. "Finnegans Wake"[1] is a complementary attempt to render the dream fantasies and the half-unconscious sensations experienced by a single person in the course of a night's sleep.

This presents a more difficult problem to the reader as well as to the writer. In "Ulysses," the reader was allowed to perceive the real objective world in which the Blooms and Dedalus lived, and their situation and relationships in that world, so that its distortions or liquefactions under the stress of special psychological states still usually remained intelligible. But in "Finnegans Wake" we are not supplied with any objective data until the next to the last chapter, when the hero —and then only rather dimly—wakes up for a short time toward morning; and we are dealing with states of consciousness which, though they sometimes have something in common with the drunken imaginations of the Night Town scene in "Ulysses" or the free associations of Mrs. Bloom's insomniac reveries, are even more confused and fluid than these; so that it becomes at a first reading the reader's prime preoccupation to puzzle out who the dreamer is and what has been happening to him. And since Joyce has spent seventeen years elaborating and complicating this puzzle, it is hardly to be expected that one reading will suffice to unravel it.

Any review must, therefore, confess itself inadequate as an account of what is in "Finnegans Wake." We must wait for some such thoroughgoing study as Mr. S. Foster Damon, the most acute of all the writers on Joyce, has made of the plot of "Ulysses." Let us hope that Mr. Damon will be heard from. In the meantime, the present reviewer—not guaranteeing complete accuracy—can only try to establish the main facts which provide the realistic foundation for this immense poem of sleep.

The sleeper, then, is a man of Scandinavian blood, with what is apparently an adapted Scandinavian name, Humphrey Chimpden Earwicker, who keeps a pub called the Bristol in Dublin. He is somewhere between fifty and sixty, blond and ruddy, with a walrus mustache, very strong but of late years pretty fat. When embarrassed, he has a tendency to stutter. He has tried his hand at a number of occupations; has run for office and has gone through a bankruptcy. He is married to a woman named Maggie, a former salesgirl, who is more or less illiterate and whose maiden name seems to have begun with Mac. They are both Protestants in a community of Catholics, he an Episcopalian and she a Presbyterian; and by reason both of his religion and his queer-sounding foreign name, he feels himself, like Bloom in "Ulysses," something of an alien among his neighbors. The Earwickers have three children, a girl named Isobel, who has evidently passed adolescence, and two younger boys, twins: Kevin and Jerry. They have a maid-of-all-work called Kate and a man about the place called Tom.

It is a Saturday night in summer, after a disorderly evening in the pub. Somebody—probably Earwicker himself—has been prevailed upon to sing a song: later, when it was closing time, he had to put a man outside, who abused him and threw stones at the window. There has also been a thunderstorm. Earwicker has been drinking off and on all day and has perhaps gone to bed a little drunk. At any rate, his night is troubled. At first he dreams about the day before, with a bad conscience and a sense of humiliation: then, as the night darkens and he sinks more deeply into sleep, he seems to labor through a nightmare oppression.

He and his wife are sleeping together; but he has no longer any interest in her as a woman. He is preoccupied now with his children. The truth is, though during his waking life he has never been willing to admit it, that he is more or less in love with his daughter, and that his affection for his favorite son is even taking a homosexual turn. Little Kevin is relatively sedate: named after the ascetic St. Kevin, he may be destined for the Catholic priesthood. Jerry (Shaun, Jaun) is more volatile and has given evidences of a taste for writing; and it is Jerry rather than Kevin with whom the father has tended to identify himself.

To tell the story in this way, however, is to present it the wrong way around. It depends for its dramatic effect on our not finding out till almost the end—pages 555-590, in which Earwicker partially wakes up —that the flights of erotic fantasy and the horrors of guilt of his dream have been inspired by his feelings for his children. The pub is on the edge of the Phoenix Park, between it and the River Liffey and not far from the suburb of Chapelizod, which is said to have been the birthplace of Iseult. At the very beginning of the dream, we find Earwicker figuring as Tristram; and through the whole night he is wooing Iseult; he carries her off, he marries her. The Freudian censor has intervened to change *Isobel* into *Iseult la Belle*—as well as to turn the ana (upper) Liffey, which figures in the dream as a woman, into *Anna Livia Plurabelle*. The idea of incest between father and daughter is developed on page 115; the transition from Isobel to Iseult is indicated in the "Icy-la-Belle" of page 246; and the

[1] Finnegans Wake, by James Joyce. New York: The Viking Press.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on page 431. But, though the boys have been given their real names and planted pretty clearly—on pages 26-7—it is not until almost the end—on page 556—that a definite identification of Earwicker's daughter with Iseult is made. In the same way, it is not until the passage on pages 564-5 that we are led to connect with his son the homosexual motif which has begun with the ominous incident of Earwicker's accosting a soldier in the park and subsequently being razzed by the police and which works free toward morning—page 474—to the idea, not related to actuality, of "some chubby boy-bold love of an angel."

In the meantime, the incest taboo and the homosexuality taboo have together—as in the development of Greek tragedy out of the old myths of the incest, homosexuality and cannibalism of the Labdacidai and Atreidai—given rise, during Earwicker's effortful night, to a whole mythology, a whole morality. He is Tristram stealing Iseult, yes; but—at the suggestion of an Adam's mantelpiece in the bedroom where he is sleeping—he is also Adam, who has forfeited by his sin the Paradise of the Phoenix Park; at the suggestion of Raphael's picture of Michael subduing Satan which hangs on the bedroom wall, he is an angel wrestling with the Devil. And he has fallen not merely as Adam but as Humpty Dumpty (he is fat and his first name is Humphrey); as the hero of the ballad of "Finnegans Wake," who fell off a scaffold while building a house (but came to life again at his wake at the sound of the word "Whiskey"); as Napoleon (an obelisk dedicated to Wellington is a feature of the Phoenix Park and there is apparently a Wellington Museum). Since the landmarks of the life of Swift still keep their prestige in Dublin, he is Swift, who loved Stella and Vanessa with the obstructed love of a father and whose mind was finally blotted by madness: Swift's cryptic name for Stella, "Ppt," punctuates the whole book. (And he is also making up in sleep for an habitual feeling of helplessness due to his belonging to a racial and religious minority, sometimes the first Danish conqueror of Ireland who sailed up that very Liffey, sometimes Oliver Cromwell, that other hated Protestant invader.)

But Joyce's aim is to create, through Earwicker's dream, symbols even more general and basic. He has had the bold idea of making Earwicker, resolved into his elemental components, include the whole of humanity. The river, with its feminine personality, Anna Livia Plurabelle, comes to represent the feminine principle itself. At one time or another all the women who figure in Earwicker's fantasy are merged into this stream of life which, always renewed, never pausing, flows through the world built by men. The daughter, still a little girl, is early identified with a cloud, which will come down to earth as rain and turn into the young and rapid river; the Anna Livia Plurabelle

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the end, the mature river, broader and slower now, will run into her father, the sea. The corresponding masculine principle is symbolized by the Hill of Howth, which stands at the mouth of the Liffey; but the idea of the city as a male construction has quickly succeeded the hill: the man is a hill that stands firm while the river runs away at his feet; he is a citadel, he is Dublin, he is all the cities in the world.

And if Earwicker is animated in sleep by the principles of both the sexes, he has also a double existence in the roles of both Youth and Old Age. Canalizing his youthful impulses in a vision of himself as his favorite son, he seems endowed with a new resilience to go out to try life again, exalted by a purity of idealism which has not yet been tainted by experience and yet full of roguish drolleries, blithely beloved by the girls. On the other hand, foreshadowing his own old age, he sees the vision of a chorus of old men, who, drivelingly reminiscent, at the same time gloat and scold at the thought of the vigorous young Tristram kissing Iseult on the other side of the bushes, and exclaim in admiration—an expansion of Earwicker's feelings at the sight of his own sleeping son—over the form of the sleeping Earwicker —Shaun. The old men are named Matthew Gregory, Marcus Lyons, Luke Tarpey and Johnny MacDougall; and they are identified variously with the four apostles, the Four Masters, early sages of Irish legend, and the four provinces of Ireland—evidently Johnny MacDougall is Ulster, as he always comes along some distance behind the others. They are always associated with a gray ass and sycamore trees; have perhaps been suggested to Earwicker by four sycamore trees on the Liffey, among which a neighbor's donkey has been grazing. All of these major motifs are woven in and out from beginning to end of the book, and each at a given point receives a complete development: the woman-river in pages 196-216—the well known Anna Livia Plurabelle chapter; the male city-fortress-hill in pages 532-554 (already published separately as "Haveth Childers Everywhere"); the Young Man in the chapters about Shaun, pages 403-473; and the Old Men, making a contrast, just before, in 383-399.

There are also a stone and an elm on opposite sides of the Liffey, which represent the death principle and the life principle (Ygdrasil). The tree has several graciously rustling solos (a notable one at the end, beginning on page 619), and in the Anna Livia Plurabelle chapter she has a long conversation with the stone, which blends with the gossip of two old washerwomen drying clothes on the riverbank. This dialogue is only one of many dialogues which are really always the same disputation and in which one of the parties, like the stone, is always hard-boiled, immobile and prosaic, while the other is sensitive, alive and growing, in which one is always bullying or trying to bully the other. Sometimes they are Satan and Saint Michael; sometimes they are transmogrified antitheses derived from

and the Grapes), the Ondt and the Gracehoper (the Ant and the Grasshopper). These dualisms are evidently connected with the diverse temperaments of Earwicker's twins (who sometimes appear as Cain and Abel), and represent the diverse elements in the character of Earwicker himself, as these struggle within his own consciousness, reflecting at the same time the forces which he encounters in the external world—the force of hostile opinion or the police—and which he now fears, now feels he can dominate. All these dualisms, however, shift their balance and melt into one another so readily that it is impossible to give any account of them which will cover all the cases in the book.

Besides all this, as Joyce in "Ulysses" laid the "Odyssey" under requisition to give a structure to material which, once it had begun to gush from the rock of Joyce's sealed personality at the blow of the Aaron's rod of free association, threatened to rise and submerge the artist like the flood which the Sorcerer's Apprentice let loose by his bedeviled broom—so in the face of an even more formidable danger, he has here brought in the historical theory of the eighteenth-century philosopher, Giambattista Vico, to help him to organize "Finnegans Wake." Vico came to the conclusion that civilizations always go through three phases: a phase when people imagine gods, a phase when they make up myths about heroes, and a phase when they see things in terms of real men. It will be noted that the figures mentioned above divide themselves among these three categories of beings. Vico also believed that history moved in cycles and that it was always repeating itself, which—to the frequent exasperation of the reader—"Finnegans Wake" is also made to do. And there is also a good deal more out of Vico, which you can find out about in the "Exagmination"[1] but which seems even more idle and forced than the most forced and idle aspects of the Odysseyan parallel in "Ulysses." The fact that there is a Vico Road in the Norwegian suburb of Dalkey—"The Vico Road goes round and round to meet where turns begin"—gives Joyce a peg in actuality on which to hang all this theory. (The "Exagmination," a collection of papers from Transition, the Paris magazine in which the instalments of the book first appeared, ought to be read by everybody interested in "Finnegans Wake." The writers have taken their cues from Joyce himself, and he seems to have chosen this way of providing the public with a key. In fact, it is rather doubtful whether, without the work done by Transition, it would be possible to get the hang of the book at all.)

Yet there is one important respect in which Joyce departs from the system of Vico. Vico, so far as is known, did not believe in progress: his cycles did not spiral toward an earthly goal; his hope for salvation was in Heaven. But the cycles of "Finnegans Wake" do involve a definite progression. As Earwicker lives through from darkness to light, he does slough off his feeling of guilt. By morning the Devil has been vanquished by Michael; Youth has bounded free of Age; the Phoenix of Vico and the Phoenix Park has risen from its ashes to new flight; Tristram has built a castle (Howth Castle) for his bride; and Iseult, once the object of an outlawed love, now married and growing older, turns naturally and comfortably at last into the lawful wife whom Earwicker is making an effort not to jab with his knees as she sleeps in the bed beside him; the tumult and turbidity of Saturday night run clear in the peace of Sunday morning; the soul, which has been buried in sleep, is resurrected, refreshed, to life.

If there is no longer here the exaltation of Dedalus's vision of his artist's vocation or of Molly Bloom's great affirmative, it is because this new book of Joyce's represents an aging phase in the constant human subject with which the series of his books has dealt. This subject—which must never be lost sight of, though in this case it is easy to do so—is the nexus of intimate relationships involved in a family situation. It is early there in the "Portrait of an Artist" in the attitude of Dedalus toward his family and in the delicate but vital displacement in the relations of the young married couple of his most ambitious short story, "The Dead." In "Exiles," the young married couple appear again with a son, and a more serious displacement takes place in connection with the wife's meeting an old lover. In "Ulysses" the relations of man and wife, by this time almost middle-aged, have gone through readjustments even more serious, and they are related in a complex way to the relations of the Blooms to their children, of Dedalus to his parents, and of both the Blooms to Dedalus. Now in "Finnegans Wake" the husband and wife have reached an age at which, from the emotional point of view, they seem hardly important to one another, and at which the chief source of interest is the attitude of the father toward the children—"the child we all love to place our hope in," as Earwicker thinks in the last moments before the rising sun wakes him up. (Intimations of this relationship have already appeared in the adoptively paternal instincts of Bloom toward the parentless Dedalus, and in Joyce's little lyric poems, so poignant as to be almost anguished, about his own children.)

But, though there are signs of the weariness of a life which is beginning to look back to life's source, the eternal family situation is here explored by Joyce more profoundly than it has been in his previous books. In sleep, where all conventions are dissolved, where the social institutions which men have constructed to give shape to their lives partly evaporate and partly set free the instincts of the human plasm out of which all human creatures are made, men and women, parents and children, to interact in disturbing ways that yet be-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

relations which was already carried far in "Ulysses"; and it advances with a giant stride the attempt to find the universally human in ordinary specialized experience which was implied in the earlier book by the Odysseyan parallel. Joyce will now try to build up inductively the whole of human history and myth from the impulses, conscious and dormant, the unrealized potentialities, of a single human being, who is to be a man even more obscure and even less well endowed, even less civilized and aspiring, than was the case with Mr. Bloom. "Finnegans Wake," in conception at any rate, is one of the boldest books ever written. EDMUND WILSON

This is the first of two articles on "Finnegans Wake." The second is planned as a criticism and evaluation. —THE EDITORS

If Not Chamberlain, Who?

IN ONE RESPECT AT LEAST Mr. Chamberlain finds himself in a position similar to that of President Roosevelt. They are both faced by an opposition which lacks a leader of strong personality and popularity. Over here, Taft and Vandenberg are not names that move mountains, while the President, as General Johnson sourly admits in one of his recent columns, "has the greatest arsenal of potential political skyrockets, Roman candles, flares, red fires and set pieces ever possessed by any showman." Mr. Chamberlain prefers umbrellas to pyrotechnics, though he is not above a Roman candle or two on occasion, but he has the same advantage as President Roosevelt; the non-political voter is apt to say to himself at election time, "Whom else is there to vote for?" With the result, in England, that he often ends by not voting at all, as is evident from the by-election figures for the last few years.

The natural leader of the anti-Chamberlain movement in England should be the leader of His Majesty's Opposition, Major Clement Attlee. But it is doubtful whether he is even the leader of his own Labor Party. "Clem" Attlee, as he is known to his friends and the gossip writers, is forty-six years old, short and unimpressive in figure, with a benevolent air reminiscent of a safely berthed schoolmaster. He is, like most of England's public men, an officer and a gentleman. That is to say, he went through the mill of private school, the public school and the Varsity, and was a major during the Great War. Experience at the bar molded the character of his public speaking, forensic and unemotional, but it has certainly not given him the crusading fire so necessary to defeat Chamberlain's parliamentary tactics of studied offensiveness and blank refusal to answer. On the major question of the day, unity against Chamberlain, he stands firm against collaboration between the Labor Party and other opposition parties.

On this issue, as on many others, he is under the influence of the strong man of the Labor Party, Dr. Dalton. In the summer of 1937 Attlee and Dalton came to Cambridge at the request of the University Socialist Club, to answer questions on Labor policy. The questions were put, naturally, to Attlee, the leader as Attlee opened his mouth to reply, Dalton would thrust his huge bulk forward in his chair, and say, "Just a minute, Clem. I think I can answer this one more fully." Attlee would sit back thankfully, and Dalton, prefacing his remarks with a conspiratorial, "I don't want anything I say to go outside this room," proceeded to hand out one excuse after another for inaction. Typical of them was the story, told in strictest confidence although the right-wing press had been using it for some time, that Blum was certain civil war would break out in France if arms were sent to the Spanish government. And so the interview went on, until at last Dalton got a chance to accuse one of the questioners of disloyalty to the party. Then he became much more impressive. He raged and thundered in a style that goes far to explain his disproportionate influence in the Labor committee rooms.

Dr. Hugh Dalton, a six-footer and a former professor of economics, is also an officer and a gentleman. Eton, Cambridge, the army and the Foreign Office, with an interval at the bar, shaped this expert on foreign affairs and socialism. He is the man who has worked out the details of the nationalization of the Bank of England, a measure to be put through when the Labor Party is at long last returned to power, "with a substantial majority." Meanwhile the party loses by-elections and any attempt to oust Chamberlain by uniting with the Liberals and dissident Conservatives is branded as treachery to socialism. In the sacred name of socialism some of its most active members are expelled from the party. Socialism, as used by Dalton, reminds one forcibly of Dr. Johnson's definition of patriotism: the last refuge of a scoundrel. He has become the Labor Party's witch-hunter-in-chief, the guardian of orthodoxy who launches expulsions and denunciations in all directions. In the House, however, his manner is unimpressive, his speeches uninspiring and his efficacy negligible. In the country generally he is unknown except where he is bitterly attacked. His power is confined to the corridors and armchairs of Labor headquarters.

In complete contrast, socially, to these two, is

LICENSED COPY OF ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sonality in the Labor Party. He is a Cockney, and retains to this day more than a trace of the Cockney accent in his speech. In London his stout figure, and bespectacled face with an unconquerable tuft of hair, are as well known to the inhabitants as the facial peculiarities of Mr. Chamberlain. His early life, as recorded in "Who's Who," bears little resemblance to the usual run of careers that illumine those pages. "Education, elementary school," it runs, "errand boy, shop assistant, telephone operator, deputy circulation manager on a newspaper." For some years now he has been the leading figure on the London County Council, and has to his credit a brilliant record of municipal reform and construction. But in the wider field of national and international politics he has not been so active, though even so his speeches on foreign affairs have often been more impressive than those of his colleagues. On the question of party policy he has lined up with the main body, and is one of the most noted anti-Communists the party possesses. In London he is tremendously popular, but he has identified himself so closely with London politics that as a national figure his stock is low.

The other opposition party, the Liberals, has not reared any Samsons in the years of its decline. Lloyd George, the Welsh Wizard, still gives special performances from time to time, and in recent years has spoken in the House with a simple dignity and a stubbornness in attack which it would pay the leader of His Majesty's Opposition to imitate. But he is too old to launch into the troubled waters that await the captain of the opposition ship, and the real task of leading the Liberal Party has fallen to Sir Archibald Sinclair. He also is one of the old school—Eton and the army—and he has the added attraction of being handsome, a good though somewhat too well bred speaker, and the part-controller of The News-Chronicle, one of the best of the English dailies. He is the owner of an estate of 100,000 acres, where he pursues his favorite recreations of fishing and shooting. He is popular, but not wildly so outside Liberal circles. He has not the prestige necessary for the man who is to lead the forces of democracy when at last some kind of unity is hammered out among them.

But Chamberlain's own party has produced the two men whose names are most widely quoted as his rivals —Anthony Eden and Winston Churchill. Mr. Eden is probably as well known over here as he is in England; what does not seem to be so well known is the extent to which his prestige has declined since his spectacular resignation. There was a time when no ladies' magazine was complete without a photograph of the handsome young Foreign Secretary, and when he resigned he was undoubtedly the most popular figure in England. This popularity he allowed to subside and disappear; in the classic manner of the English gentleman he remained Minister whom, if his resignation meant anything at all, he believed to be betraying the vital interests of the British nation. The public expectancy turned to bewilderment as Mr. Eden went away on a holiday cruise, and to apathy as he returned to Parliament and took part in debate as if nothing had happened.

Part of the Chamberlain technique is the circulation of rumors of reconciliation between the government and the Conservative rebels, but in the case of Anthony Eden they are no longer necessary. The general public already believes they are playing on the same side.

But the arch-rebel, Winston Churchill, is quite a different proposition. This is the man, of all the figures in the House, that Chamberlain most hates and fears. The antagonism is mutual. Churchill's famous reference to Chamberlain as "that undertaker from Birmingham" is expressive of the soldier squire's contempt for the business man with the umbrella. Conservative though he is, Churchill pulls none of his punches in the House, and has often stalked defiantly into the opposition lobby. In spite of a bad delivery, which once at an election meeting near London drew from an exasperated listener the cry, "Take that plum out of your mouth," he is beyond question the most brilliant orator in England. (According to his valet, he practises his famous speeches in the bathroom, which to his ears faithfully reproduces the echoes of the House of Commons.) He is credited with sources of information on foreign, especially German, affairs which are superior to those of the government, and certainly his statements on such questions have rarely been challenged.

His career in politics has been adventurous and varied. His military experience began with a commission in the Spanish army during the early stages of the Cuban revolt. In the Great War he left the post of First Lord of the Admiralty to command a battalion in the trenches. He is still remembered as the "hero of Sydney Street," where he brought out the guards and the artillery to deal with England's first gangster, Peter the Painter. That was in 1911. The memory of the English workingman is long, and another historic incident, with which Churchill was connected has stuck in his mind, but to Churchill's disadvantage. Rightly or wrongly, he is still popularly blamed for the bungling that sent so many men to their deaths on the Gallipoli beaches in 1915.

But he has the record and qualifications of a leader, and it is more than possible that when at last the factions that are now fighting each other instead of Chamberlain realize how near they have come to the abyss, and unite their forces, Churchill will be the only man capable enough and impressive enough to head the government that results. For no one in England doubts that, given unity of the opposition and a leader, Chamberlain could be swept from power in a month.

LICENSED TO LINZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

America and the Next War: III

WE PRESENT BELOW the third and final group of letters by New Republic contributors on American foreign policy. These individuals were invited to reply to a questionnaire, the full text of which was published in the last two issues of The New Republic. In two previous articles we have presented the views of those who voted for one policy or other. This week we present some of the letters from those whose replies did not exactly correspond with any of our categories:

I favor the restoration of pre-war neutrality, but would bar, on purely economic grounds, the extension of loans and abnormal credits which, under the circumstances, could probably never be repaid. I would let the enforcement of these neutral rights in time of war be guided by considerations of expediency, eschewing measures that might easily involve us in armed conflict. JOHN C. DE WILDE

A realistic foreign policy, for the coming year or so, must square with these facts:

1. A general war, or a war involving great powers on both sides, is not imminent, and has not been imminent at any time since 1918. It is, in fact, extremely unlikely. No major power (not to speak of the people of any major power) desires such a conflict, or is resigned to one, in the sense that it will not exhaust all the impressive resources of diplomacy and propaganda in order to avoid it, even at the risk of "humiliations." That is especially true of Germany and of Italy. Whatever opinion one may hold of Hitler or Mussolini, their policies are evidently based on rational and cautious calculations of the consequences of their acts. So long as the great powers are agreed that a war between them had best be avoided—each state for its own reasons, naturally—no small nation can force them to wage one. "Incidents" produce jitters, subject frequently to the law of diminishing returns, but they cannot produce wars, or we should now be in the midst of the *n*th world war since Hitler's advent to power.

2. A favorable setting for a war would be the establishment of rival alliances so evenly balanced that both sides have good grounds to hope for a victory. No great power can afford to undertake a war against another great power without assuring itself in advance of the assistance or the neutrality of remaining great powers. The possibility of an evenly matched international rivalry is becoming more and more remote. Italy must ever remain an uncertain, and certainly a weak, ally for Germany. The conclusion of an effective alliance among France, England and the Soviet Union would definitely diminish the chances of war, because of the clear preponderance of these powers over the Rome-Berlin Axis, however soundly welded.

3. Even if the United States remained neutral, Germany could not reckon on defeating such a combination. Assuming to win, however, she would not only have to destroy Paris and London, but also to demoralize completely the French and English populations. In the last analysis, the Nazis would have to occupy, on foot, substantial slices of enemy territory. The World War demonstrated sufficiently that the modern defensive is much superior to the offensive arm. The Spanish civil war proved that the airplane, effective though it might be against troops in the open field, cannot dislodge them from cities or fortifications. These may be held indefinitely against long odds, and against vigorous air attack, by numbers, *matériel* and morale. In short, the comparison with 1914 is all in favor of the Western powers: a German air campaign could not duplicate the effectiveness of the Schlieffen Plan in seizing and holding enemy country, and Germany is more likely today to go to pieces internally ahead of the Western powers.

Under the circumstances, the United States has elbow room for a broad policy which will safeguard the country against the danger of a precipitate entrance into a great war and yet permit us to exert our full weight in the solution of international problems. We should, and we can, preserve our liberty of action in unpredictable eventualities in the future by retaining, and extending, legislation like the Johnson Act against close commercial and financial involvements with nations at war. A "cash-and-carry" plan should be put into effect. At the same time, the present policy of opposition to totalitarian aggression, bluff and propaganda should be continued. The fear of a sudden and desperate "outbreak" by Germany or Italy is chimerical. These two aims are not at all incompatible with each other. As a matter of fact, we have been pursuing both of them virtually for some time now. Although the moderately isolationist legislation has not been repealed, American influence has been thrown into the scales increasingly, and with telling effect, against the totalitarian powers. Liberal democratic forces have been heartened everywhere. There is no good reason why this dual policy cannot be exploited still further. Only extreme isolation and direct commitment abroad are inconsistent with one another. Besides, the foreign policy of the administration need not be strictly logical; the administration is running a country, not a syllogism. SOLOMON F. BLOOM

I do not believe that any of your questions covers the issues fairly: they are questions framed to get isolationist answers. I believe in absolute severance of all relations, political and economic, with aggressors, with at least economic assistance to nations that are attacked. I do not like your quotation marks around the words *aggressors* and *treaty violators* and it is hard for me to believe any longer that a politically educated person thinks that such embargoes could involve us in a war. LILLIAN HELLMAN

Isn't there a distinction to be made between what we should do in hope of preventing a war and what in the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

laws in England's and France's favor will continue to impress upon Hitler and Mussolini the likelihood of having American economic power and perhaps military power against them if they make war. If your question refers to the second situation, I favor sale of munitions and extension of loans to England if she not only indicates democratic aims but commits herself to a more economic distribution of world's raw materials and markets.

JOHN TEMPLE GRAVES II

My feeling against war is so strong that it is difficult for me to touch—or examine—anything that remotely touches it, even "policies" to be adopted concerning it. As a woman and a poet, I tend to think concretely, in images, and "policies" of any kind sound suspicious to me. I may say that all the policies in your list, to my untutored mind, seem to have the seeds of some kind of necessary war latent within them. There must be more humane, more simple, more humble methods by which peace may be procured and made certain. LOUISE BOGAN

Herewith is answer to your questionnaire: with my apologies for shying away from the alternative policies you have offered. I am sure that you hadn't the faintest desire to be unfair in presenting those alternatives; but if you will go over your points you will see that they are all tacitly based on the assumption that the main role of American policy is to pull the British chestnuts out of the fire. I have no more interest in that policy than you have. I do think we must make a very drastic and decisive stand—that will not be news to you!—but our aim should not be to back up British or French imperialism: it must rather be to mark out a line of action that coincides with our own democratic interests and those of the entire world, including whatever remains sane and civilized in the Fascist countries: such a line as the Tories will have to follow, whether they like it or not, if they are to save themselves from complete defeat and extinction. The problem is not how much aid we will give to Great Britain and France: the problem is rather how much aid we can get from those countries for our own anti-Fascist counter-attack. There is no doubt in my own mind that even Mr. Roosevelt's muddled and contradictory initiatives in Europe have prevented Chamberlain and Daladier from retreating still further; and a really bold, intelligent and coherent policy would doubtless have far greater results. . . . LEWIS MUMFORD

I favor outright repeal of the Neutrality Act, as being an unworkable attempt to foresee the future.

No loans to countries which owe us money.

Restraint upon the liquidation of foreign-held securities to prevent dumping on the market to obtain credits.

Sale of anything, including munitions, to anybody who has cash to pay for it and can come and get it. (This in practice favors Great Britain and France, but self-interest and public sentiment will demand that much.)

As to American shipping, the President should be empowered to prohibit it from entering certain zones which may be dangerous. (As, for example, the Mediterranean, the Baltic, etc.) This should be left to be determined as events occur. We don't know in advance what zones will

Restriction powers for the President to check sale or manufacture for export of any goods when it becomes apparent that foreign orders may interfere with our own industrial mobilization if we have to fight.

Use of our naval and military forces to prevent the spread of hostilities to any area which may be dangerous for us, or the occupation by belligerents of any position from which our security requires them to be excluded: even to occupying such ourselves.

Except for this, firm refusal to take part in hostilities or to send military aid to any belligerent—especially and above all, no new AEF in Europe.

In general, the policy appropriate to our new position of the predominant sea-power of the world, controlling the maritime approaches to our hemisphere, resolved not to drain our resources in wars on foreign continents, to preserve the peace of the New World, and to use our influence and good offices to restore peace in the Old on equitable terms in so far as that is possible.

A vigilant watch to be kept meantime on the Far East, with the idea of restraining Japan from ambitious adventures and of protecting our interests there by imposing too great a risk on the Japanese to permit of their being openly challenged.

Fulfilment as quickly as possible of the increases in our defense structure provided for by this Congress, and the filling in of such gaps as are left.

Instant and drastic action in case any belligerent tries to undertake any sort of operations in the Western Hemisphere, such as supporting a subversive movement in some Latin American country, etc., or the occupation of any island or other territory, no matter to whom it may belong legally.

The immediate appointment of a Committee of National Defense composed of the best available material, military, naval and civilian, to make a complete survey of our defenses and their relations to our foreign policy, and recommend improvements and coördination.

Firm support of the principles of neutral rights as against any belligerent whatever; not of course to the point of fighting for every little thing, but unwavering adherence to basic principles. GEORGE F. ELIOT

No simple vote is possible for me. Both "neutrality" under any condition and the "cash-and-carry plan" should be impossible for us as a democratic nation since they might conceivably favor Japan in a war with Russia. We've got to make up our minds one way or the other. We want peace but not at the cost of a fascistic triumph. Yet we should never send an army again to fight on European or Asiatic soil. That condition aside, we should definitely cement an outspoken military alliance with the democratic powers, England, France and Russia. Better to show our strength once for all and be licked if we must than to wait and be beaten later as we surely should be by a coalition of Germany, Italy and Japan once England and France had been disposed of. . . . WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

I favor a policy that recognizes the fact that there exists at present an anti-democratic alliance and that the time has passed when America can play one hand against the other

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dilly-dallying antics of England would rule out of such a policy any serious thought of placing leadership in her hands; and, furthermore, that country should be denied mere membership in a pro-democratic alliance until it has solemnly foresworn demonolatry. The ultimate aim of this policy would be to ally the interests of America, France and England and the Soviet Union; to apply embargoes against aggressors; and to supply help to any nation, regardless of its creed, color or custom that is menaced by a member of the anti-democratic alliance. ERSKINE CALDWELL

An iron-bound alliance, offensive and defensive, with Great Britain and France, against all totalitarian powers, including Russia. I oppose an attack on any of these powers at present; but if any of them occupies another foot of territory, be it Danzig, Rumania, Yugoslavia, or anywhere else, I favor an immediate joint attack by the democracies, including the largest American army that can be transported to Europe. I am also convinced that the adoption of such a policy by this country would produce a revolution; but the question, I understand, is what should be, not what can be, done. I do not think any of the seven policies mentioned can be adopted; a consistent foreign policy is not possible.
GERALD W. JOHNSON

I favor "dynamic neutrality." A rigorous embargo of all goods whatsoever to all belligerents, and the formation of a solid front with all non-belligerents for the sake of exerting pressure in order to bring the war to an immediate close and to have the issues adjudicated peacefully.

The policy of dynamic neutrality is not, strictly speaking, an alternative to these seven, but a policy which they presuppose in order to reach their relatively limited ends. It can be viewed, however, as a policy which strengthens and unites features of the last two proposals for the realization of a more comprehensive and effective end. It demands a rigorous embargo on all goods whatsoever, supplemented by a policy of military isolation from the belligerents. But to this it adds the policy of active coöperation with all non-belligerents and the formulation of a political policy for the sake of bringing the war to an immediate close and avoiding a punitive peace. It is founded on the theory that we should be neutral in our material support and participative in our diplomatic efforts, not because we are indifferent to the fate of the belligerents, but because we are deeply concerned with it. It is a policy we can pursue in peace as well as in war, in the present state of affairs and in any subsequent realignment of powers. It should have all the advantages that a plan, fixed and steady in its intent, realistic in its base and idealistic in its goal, should have over makeshift devices designed to deal with a fundamental breakdown solely in terms of its symptoms. PAUL WEISS

It seems to me that all your questions have an unconscious bias towards isolationism and that not one is either fair or clear. I am in favor of a policy of air-tight collective security—France, Great Britain, the USSR and the United States, including any smaller nations that want to join—and I think that no shipment of arms or materials of arms should be allowed to go to any country outside this bloc. To talk of the danger of war to the United States is ever allowed to dominate our foreign policy. Collective security is the best hope for the continuation of democracy and peace—it is indeed the only way to ensure peace.
JOHN HYDE PRESTON

I find myself unable to vote for any single choice in the questionnaire without appearing to be both an Anglophile and for war. I am for peace and I believe it would be preserved for us, in the United States, if we supported a bloc of anti-Fascist powers. At the date of writing this, it looks as though the Chamberlain and Daladier-Bonnet columns have been compelled by the English and French peoples to enter a genuine stop-Hitler front with the Soviet Union. Once a real mutual-aid pact has been signed by these three major powers, undeclared wars should cease. And, it is my opinion that, if the United States joined such a coalition, a declared war would not take place. LEANE ZUGSMITH

A few comments on our questionnaire may be in order. The first thing to note is that this was not a straw poll. It was addressed to only 241 persons, and these were a highly selected group—contributors of signed material to our pages within the last year. While they do not see eye to eye on everything, their general attitude is much more unified than would be the case if you stopped the first 241 persons you met on the street and asked them the same questions.

Our questionnaire was somewhat one-sided in that we left the Far East out of consideration. This was not an oversight, but an effort to keep the inquiry from becoming hopelessly complicated.

There are practically no rigid "isolationists" among those who answered our questionnaire. Those voting for policies No. 2 and No. 4 totaled 89, more than half of all who replied. These two policies are in fact similar. (Policy No. 2 called for embargoes on munitions, forbidding loans and travel and restricting the sale of other goods by the "cash-and-carry" plan. Policy No. 4 would also allow loans and export of munitions provided Great Britain had entered an anti-Fascist bloc which included Russia and had given binding assurances she is fighting for democratic aims.) Both policies assume the use of vast American resources to aid England and France in case of war. Real isolationism got only three votes, all of them subject to sharp qualifications.

While nearly all of our contributors want to give aid to the democracies in one form or another, only slightly more than a third would make this policy a deliberate one of reprisals against aggressor nations, and only one-seventh would favor actual military aid to England and France in case of war. Some of the other six-sevenths believe that economic and financial assistance might result in our entering the conflict, but they are unwilling to advocate such a thing unless and until it is brought about by the passage of events.

A striking feature of the replies, it seems to us, is the almost universal disgust with and distrust of Cham-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

advocating straight "collective security" express doubt that it is possible with the present British and French governments still in power.

It would be hard to say on a basis of these replies that Americans in opposing fascism are doing so from motives of self-preservation. Hardly one of our contributors mentions the possibility of direct attack on the United States or even of serious infiltration into South America. These letters give the impression that it is the danger of fascism in Europe and what it has done to the enslaved peoples of Germany and Italy that is the dominant motive. If our correspondents believe the United States is itself in serious danger, they have failed to say so. It is possible of course that they have had in mind the rise of fascist-minded minorities within the United States, copying their tactics from the European totalitarian countries. They may also have been considering the menace of a direct Fascist attack on the United States following a European war in which the democracies lost, or some other European situation which took from us the protection of the British navy.

It is, however, a fair summary of the majority view to say that they oppose fascism on moral grounds and not those of expediency. They think the European democracies (a term that most of them interpret to include Soviet Russia) should challenge the Fascists even with the threat of war and should be prepared to make good on that threat. If war comes, they favor assistance by the United States to the democracies but with the expectation that such a conflict would end victoriously for the Allies before the United States had itself become involved to the extent of sending troops abroad.

Who Lied About Spain?

A UNITED PRESS DISPATCH dated June 13 from Hendaye, France, reported some startling and gruesome stories about Franco's Spain. Ten special courts were judging four hundred cases a day inside Spain, it said, and executions were carried out either the same evening or the next morning—at an average of one execution every nine minutes. Arrests were continuing at the rate of about two hundred daily, although Madrid prisons and concentration camps alone held more than 35,000 prisoners. Appeals from the death sentence are not permitted.

William Carney's dispatch to The New York Times, dated June 13 from Madrid, gave very different figures. The courts were sentencing to death about twenty a day—the UP figure was 160—and the sentences were not carried out until they had been reviewed in Burgos. So far fewer than a hundred had been executed in Madrid. In the three days preceding his dispatch 247 arrests had been made.

Skeptical Americans are inclined, in a case of this sort, to read both stories with one eyebrow lifted in doubt. When two accounts show wide discrepancy they are not so likely to inquire who is lying as they are to comment that both sides put out a lot of propaganda. During the course of the Spanish war Mr. Carney's denials that there were Italians with the Rebels cast doubt—for many people—on the stories of Herbert L. Matthews, Jay Allen, Lawrence Fernsworth and other correspondents, and on the continued assertions of the Republican government that there were Italians and Germans with Franco from very early in the war.

But the Spanish Republic was telling the truth. The official announcements from Rome and Berlin of the numbers of "volunteers" the Fascist powers sent to Franco have not surprised former Premier Negrín. He some cases years. When the Forze Armate, the official publication of the Italian army and navy, recently announced that in the four months from mid-December, 1936, to mid-April, 1937, Italy had sent 100,000 men to Franco, the only people really shocked were those who believed what the Fascists had previously been saying for nearly three years. To be sure, some of the figures for those four months were a little higher than the Republic had estimated. Italy sent 4,370 motor vehicles (including tanks), 40,000 tons of material and 750 cannon. But in general the Italians and the Germans—who have now proudly welcomed home the "Condor Legion" of some 17,000—are confirming with amazing accuracy exactly the stories that their friends in this country have for months and years been denouncing as "Red lies."

The Brooklyn Tablet, a Catholic weekly, is prominent among the defenders of the Franco cause. It has often denied that there were Italians and Germans in Spain. As recently as February 11, 1939, its feature story maintained that "there are few Italians among the soldiers and no Germans."

Robert Davis, a member of the History Department at Middlebury College, Vermont, wrote as an expert on Spanish affairs in The New York Herald Tribune, March 18, 1938: "The method by which Italians have entered Franco's army needs to be explained. . . . The men who joined Franco came as individuals and volunteers. . . . In the spring of 1937 the *Legion Italienne* reached its numerical maximum of three divisions." A division in Spain was about 10,000 men. Mr. Davis must be interested now in knowing that, by its own admission, the Italian government had sent 100,000 men in Spain in the spring of 1937.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In 1937 Arnold Lunn published a book about the war called "Spanish Rehearsal." And in his discussion of the character of the opposing armies he said, ". . . it is indeed improbable that units of the regular Italian army are serving in Spain."

Some of the Franco propagandists admitted that Italian and German help was being received, but justified Fascist aid by raising the Communist bugaboo. Ellery Sedgwick, the editor of The Atlantic Monthly, went in for this sort of argument. He wrote a letter to The New York Times, and it was printed in the issue of March 13, 1938. "Bolshevik propaganda has from the outset been supported by men and munitions on a grand scale," Sedgwick wrote. "It is to combat this material aid that assistance from both Italy and Germany was gratefully accepted." Dr. Joseph B. Code of Catholic University, Washington, D. C., played along on the same theme in his pamphlet called, curiously, "The Spanish War and Lying Propaganda." "If Russia and France had not gone to the aid of the Madrid forces," Code wrote, "the Spanish civil war would have been a purely internal affair and would have ended long before this in a victory for the Nationalists." The most shocking thing about Dr. Code's pamphlet is the fact that it bears the imprimatur of the late Patrick Cardinal Hayes, of New York; an emblem which gives it, in effect, the official sanction of his Church.

The rationalizations of Sedgwick, Code and the others who have tried to argue that the Fascists were simply saving Spain from bolshevism are, of course, blown sky-high by the Italian and German boasts of their early intervention. Fascist aid to Franco, we now know, was not only prompt. It actually began so promptly that it must have been planned before the war. Marshal Goering's paper, the Essener National Zeitung, has revealed that the transportation of Franco's troops by German planes began July 20, 1936. But Franco's revolt had only broken out, in Morocco, on July 17, and on the following day in Spain proper. The Germans now boast that the first of their troops left for Spain July 31. Count Galeazzo Ciano wrote recently in a Milan magazine, Gerarchia, that Italian aid began July 25, when nine planes were ordered to Spain. France and Russia must have acted swiftly indeed to equal this immediate assistance. But they did not. If aid had come earlier, would it have been possible that the nine planes of which Count Ciano speaks could control the air between Spanish Morocco and the mainland, as he truthfully says they did? If aid had ever come to the Republic in the form of complete military units, why is Franco still unable to furnish proof of it?

The few men who told the truth about Spain (and got it printed) were denounced and libeled by the Franco partisans. Herbert L. Matthews, the New York

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the extent of Italian and German participation. Naturally the exact figures were unobtainable. But Father Thorning, chairman of the department of Social Sciences at Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmittsburg, Maryland, in his lurid little pamphlet, "Why the Reds Failed in Spain," wrote: ". . . The New York Times kept Herbert L. Matthews as its special correspondent in Madrid long after he had abandoned any pretense to serve as anything more or less than a rabid Red partisan." And Edwin L. James, The Times's managing editor, cabled Matthews: "Why do you continue to say Italians are fighting in Spain when Carney [the docile Times man with Franco's troops] claims that there are no Italians in Spain?"

The complete list of individuals and spokesmen for organizations who lied about the facts of the Spanish civil war would fill a small volume. Some of those who passed along the lies undoubtedly knew no better. But the facts were there all the while—not the complete or official details, to be sure, but the general picture.

The fact is that most of the lies were deliberate. No one's falsehoods were more barefaced than those of the British government. In general, Whitehall was content to use the "civil war" fiction as an excuse for the principle of "non-intervention." Specifically, the British government chose to lie about the operations of the Italian navy which, almost from the very beginning, was at work protecting and supporting the Fascist operations on land.

The Italian government now boasts about its naval prowess. Its fleet dispatched war units and materials and kept the Italian troops supplied with food and equipment. Beginning November 1, 1936, Italian submarines began "the task of damaging and threatening the Red supply traffic in the Mediterranean" and in the open sea, the official report in Forze Armate states. In all, 149 war vessels were used and they performed 870 missions.

In the course of its operations the Italian navy sank British ships. Both naval vessels and merchant ships were attacked by submarines, bombed from the air and damaged by mines. Figures up until June, 1938, give a total of over seventy ships damaged in these ways, of which thirteen were sunk. Great Britain must have known who was destroying her ships. Yet she was willing to play along with the transparent idea that the Spanish war was purely a Spanish affair and ought to remain so.

Remember those who told the lies about Spain. They will have a chance to lie again, no doubt. Progressive intellectuals have a tendency to forget and forgive. But remember the Catholic Church, the British government, the American and British press, the pamphleteers, the lecturers, the authors, and what they said. Their lies were more than accident.

Shoot the Works

Nuts to The New Republic

ALL LIBERAL JOURNALS in celebration of a curious conception of free speech run a masochistic department called "Correspondence" or "Letters from Our Friends" or some such title. In other departments of the magazine the entrance requirements may be stiff as far as news and literary values go, but anybody can crowd in with a note simply by assuming an "I-dare-you-to-print-this" attitude.

Bouquets if any are generally tossed to the one side, but a liberal editor always keeps the latchstring out for brickbats aimed at himself or his associates. Indeed, somewhat after the manner of some exploited serf at a country fair, he sticks his head through the canvas and invites the passerby to take three shots for a nickel. Only by accepting the fact that the man in the inner sanctum pictures himself as an infant Voltaire can one account for some of the stuff which is permitted to darken nice white paper. Even the strange communications of Reuben Maury, which are sent out in triplicate or worse, manage to find a haven. As Exhibit A, I would cite a letter which appeared last week in this magazine. It came from a Mr. Stuart Brent, who took exception to my opinion that there are far too many indolently obscene passages in Steinbeck's "The Grapes of Wrath." I am not denying that there could readily be debate on this point of view, but surely it should in some measure be restricted to the issue.

"It is simply astounding to think," writes Mr. Brent, "that the man who wrote the magnificent articles defending Sacco and Vanzetti, who fought with Roosevelt on the Supreme Court question, and who later broke with The Nation because it was 'cluttered up with liberals who have been springing out of odd corners' could be the same man who wrote a thinly disguised criticism of realism and the abjectness of modern life!"

Now what on earth has my support of justice in the courts got to do with a feeling that a literary artist should not indulge himself in too much mere stenography? This is realism in the most limited sense. Curiously enough, the same groups who scoff at that school of painting which would transform candid-camera shots to canvas reverse themselves and maintain that on the printed page literature must be photographic.

"Had Broun failed to sign his name to the article I could have sworn it was written by a staff member of The Chicago Tribune and diabolically inserted into the pages of The New Republic."

Poor Mr. Brent seems to be under some delusion that there is a necessary connection between a liberal use of language and liberal ideas in the political and economic field. Perhaps he thinks that Lincoln earned the title "the great Emancipator" by telling dirty stories at Cabinet meetings. If Mr. Brent had attended the Writers' Congress of two years ago he would have encountered a one-man picket line in front of Carnegie Hall. The legion of protest consisted of Mr. James T. Farrell, who wrote "A World I Never Made," but his addiction to this theory of literature has not made him a progressive. There is nothing to prevent an author's being both a realist and a reactionary. Escape can be found in a swamp as readily as in an ivory tower.

Mr. Stuart Brent sets down his name as one who believes that it is an author's duty to celebrate "the abjectness of modern life." He would espouse the school of Pollyanna in a tailspin. Neither this nor any other land abounds with milk and honey, but I will fight against that kind of defeatism which insists that life today, yesterday or in the future is in its essence abject. Since he has reached out a long arm to pull in a piece I wrote about the Sacco-Vanzetti case, I will take occasion to quote from that column which Mr. Brent says that he admires. In fact it is the first sentence, and it reads, "When at last Judge Thayer in a tiny voice passed sentence upon Sacco and Vanzetti, a woman in the courtroom said with terror: 'It is death condemning life!' " Surely there was nothing abject in the life or in the death of the poor fish peddler and the good shoemaker. The man on the bench, A. Lawrence Lowell and the associated old men were the abject figures in the crisis. Life is better than that.

Maynard Watson takes exception to my criticism of the introduction of an old stale wheeze about boy, girl and cow. He has read "The Grapes of Wrath" carelessly and is under the impression that it is introduced by the transport driver in the opening chapter as an anecdote. It isn't. It comes later in the book and is put in as the recital of an actual occurrence. I still say this is a shoddy sort of padding. A. G. Trent in the shower to which The New Republic has introduced me feels that in taking exception to what seems to me overeasy obscenity in "The Grapes of Wrath" I am guilty of using devices from which I "would have shrunk as from a scorpion's sting a few years ago." My position on the bold and blunt boys is exactly what it was years ago. Right or wrong, no change is evident and when I wrote that I respected "the complete integrity of Steinbeck's artistic sincerity," I meant just that. I stand by it. As a matter of fact, I was out early as an admirer of the novelist's high talent long before he became teacher's pet on every literary page.

There is such great impact in the economic picture which Steinbeck draws that he should be content to let it go at that without doing so much writing out of the side of his mouth. And if the free-verse chapter on the used-car lot is poetry and not a routine exercise in fancy writing I will eat the entire first edition. By some strange kind of condescension and patronage from the top there happen to be progressive critics who seem to feel that there is a distinct tie-up between off-color phrases and life which persists on the wrong side of the tracks. Nothing could be further from the fact. A cross section of stevedores may well be more austere in expression than a similar number of retired major generals in the cocktail lounge of the Union Club.

Moseley undertook to establish his virility before the Dies Committee by loudly shouting "bull!" I hate to see as fine an artist as John Steinbeck falling even part way into the same error. And so in my own mild way, since I am not a literary figure, I chastely mutter "Nuts to The New Re-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Washington Notes

The Reactionaries Miss the Train

THE BIGGEST, most important news in Washington is the almost complete collapse of the reactionary Democratic faction in Congress. The November elections seemed to show a tide of discouragement and conservatism among the voters. The present session, according to predictions, was to belong to the reactionaries. What have they done with it? Plenty of snide tricks, such as mutilating the WPA. But not a single major New Deal measure has been vitally altered. To the extent that the reactionaries still look formidable, they do so because of the New Dealers' defeatism. If Mr. Roosevelt would say boo in firm, loud tones, it is not unlikely that they would run like ants on a rockpile.

Consider the Democratic reactionaries' position from their own viewpoint. Their slogan is the phrase of Vice President Garner: "Let the cattle get fat." At the session's start, they and their Republican allies undoubtedly had a clear majority of Senate and House. They could have put forward a business-appeasement program—of gutting the Wagner Act, reducing surtaxes in the upper-income brackets, repealing the capital-gains tax—and might have won.

What should be realized, however, is that they were bound to try. For six years, voters have thought of the Democratic Party as Mr. Roosevelt, and vice versa. The reactionaries' job was to prove that his notion was mistaken, that they, too, had ideas and spirit. They had to take Mr. Roosevelt's audience away from him. Among a regrettably large section of voters, there is a certain mean herd feeling that impels them to shift to the side of any person or group that wages a showy, successful fight. During the present session, the necessary task of the Democratic reactionaries was to prove they looked like winners.

Take the case of Mr. Garner. He leads every poll for the 1940 Democratic nomination, and there is a common delusion that he has done very well for himself since Congress met. But has he? Despite his seeming popularity, nearly every observer in Washington agrees that, if Mr. Roosevelt throws his full weight against him, Garner cannot win. But had Mr. Garner, or his pals among the reactionary Democrats, given leadership to the country in the present session, this assurance of Mr. Roosevelt's veto power in 1940—at least in my opinion—would be considerably less. No one dreamed that Mr. Wilson could dictate his successor in 1920, or Mr. Coolidge in 1928; this was because, before the end of their second terms, authority had passed to other hands. Mr. Roosevelt today is still boss.

The present session was the reactionaries' chance, and the train has pulled out without them. Perhaps, in part, their failure can be laid to a trembling in the stomach that appears to affect conservatives in and out of government. They aren't sure that the day of fat cattle isn't gone. But chiefly it is because there are no leaders among them. Mr. Garner is a tinker, not a leader. In the nearly forty years he has been in Washington, other men have seen social needs, written and introduced legislation. Mr. Garner has votes or delayed them. During the New Deal, his sole recognized achievement has been a resolution condemning sitdown strikes that he weaseled through the House in 1937. In the current session, he has let it be known that he favors the Hatch bill, designed to prevent WPA officials from acting in next year's primaries.

The expected captain of the reactionaries was to be egg-faced, frizzle-haired Pat Harrison, owner of the sharpest tongue in the Senate, the scourge of the Republicans during the twenties. Chairman of the Finance Committee, he was to fatten the cattle with tax concessions in the manner of the late Secretary Mellon. The tax bill now before Congress, although it includes a few of Mr. Harrison's proposals, is principally the work of Messrs. Morgenthau and Hanes, titular New Dealers. Since the session started, Mr. Harrison's manner has been listless. The old fire is gone.

After Mr. Harrison, the supposed leader of the reactionaries was to be soft-voiced, ever smiling Mr. Jimmy Byrnes. For months he has been touted as the ultimate inheritor of the party place and prestige held by majority-leader Joe Robinson. When Democratic big-business representatives came to Washington early in the session, the man they sought out was Mr. Byrnes. Last January Mr. Byrnes made ugly threats of remodeling the relief system, but meekly surrendered when Mr. Roosevelt forestalled him by submitting his first reorganization bill. So far his principal legislative proposal has been one by which the low-income Southern states would receive a larger share of WPA money. At least one Democratic big-business representative, according to report, considers he has been swindled.

The man best fitted by personal gifts to have led the reactionaries would have been Mr. Burt Wheeler. "Reactionaries" will hurt Mr. Wheeler's feelings; let me change it to the "anti-Roosevelt faction." Whether or not his fight against the Supreme Court bill was justifiable, it was technically flawless. He has courage, imagination and is a magnificent hater. But it happens that Mr. Wheeler comes from an aggressively New Deal state, Montana, and must run for reëlection in 1940, probably against the fiery Mr. Jerry O'Connell. In last November's election, Mr. O'Connell was defeated by a bizarre alliance—engineered, according to Mr. O'Connell, by Mr. Wheeler—of Democratic conservatives, Townsendites and Republicans. A few days ago, the alliance's candidate, Representative Thorkelson, appeared as friend and comforter of General George Van Horn Moseley before the Dies Committee. Mr. O'Connell could scarcely ask for deadlier 1940 ammunition. Throughout the present session, Mr. Wheeler has been tending earnestly to his knitting—railroad legislation—and not an anti-New Deal peep has been heard from him.

Since January, liberals in Washington have been shudderingly awaiting the onslaught of the Democratic reactionaries. To date, the New Deal's enemies have shown themselves to be stumblebums. The concessions that the administration has made on taxation may have been proper. But on next year's WPA appropriation, and on the May bill to hamstring the TVA, both now before Congress, there is no reason to be faint-hearted. The Democratic anti-Roosevelt faction haven't given the country leadership, not even conservative leadership, and have captured no one's allegiance.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Other People's Money

Kings Across the Water

IF ANYONE thinks the following paragraphs have nothing to do with other people's money, let him consider the matter carefully.

I thought the conduct of certain Irish-American Congressmen when the King and Queen of England were in this country as its guests was in exceedingly bad taste. And I thought the smart-aleck letter of another Congressman who wired the King reminding him of Britain's unpaid debt to the United States was even worse taste. There is no reason why a man should permit his political opinions to drag him down to bad manners. But now that the King and Queen are gone, I should like to utter some things which were stewing in my mind while this grotesque, uncivilized, medieval circus was being performed.

First of all I should like to say that I am a believer in democracy. I mean I really believe in it. And I hate kings and queens with all my soul. They are, I am told, after all, only people and very nice people at that. But they are defended as symbols, symbols of empire, and as symbols of empire I accept them; empire, the right of one people to subdue and rule another—and symbols of something else—the right of one privileged group to climb on the backs of the people and ride them. As symbols I hate all kings, but particularly those kings who are symbols both of kingship and of empire.

There is something else I do not like. I do not hate them, because they are just poor dumb fools. I pity them. They are the cheering peasants who can be got together by the millions anywhere, who stand on the sidewalks and yell with delight and joy as their anointed rulers go by.

The king of today is impossible without the shirt-stuffer. Nobody would accept these two unimportant though pleasant persons, one with the makings of a good paying teller and the other of an excellent department-store buyer, if the art of the showman were not exhausted on them. By means of the most elaborate pageantry, with droves of motorcycles ahead and half as many more behind, and bowing and scraping Governors and mayors and public officials and their wives, and trumpeters and military bands and costumes and flags and, as important as anything else, the cheering geese on the curbs, these two small fry are built up into godlike beings and honest men fight to get a glimpse of the sacred soil over which they passed. When they make their progress through our countryside, New York City calls out 13,000 police to guard and glorify them and all the roads leading to Hyde Park are closed. Three million New Yorkers stand in the sun for hours for a fleeting peep at the flying cavalcade and every man, woman and child who is permitted to speak to the royal pair cherishes the incident to hand on to his children's children. This is the supreme masterpiece of the shirt-stuffer's art.

I do not mind showmanship when it is confined to its proper sphere. I see no great harm in it when the circus uses it to play up its miracle people. All they ask is that we American people the opportunity to make damn fools of

royal counterfeits use it, they ask that we permit them to rule us. I know, of course, all about that old bromide that the King of England is just a puppet, that he is without power. Of course that is a sheer falsehood uttered to fool Americans. The King possesses direct powers, such as making men into lords, which means giving them a vote in the upper house of the British legislature. Give me the right to name a couple of Senators each year—Senators who remain Senators for life, and some of them forever—and then tell me I have no power!

But the kingship possesses many powers, not least of which is that undefined and subtle influence which proceeds from his social position and his capacity to advance people by merely receiving them at his home and smiling on them. Most of all he is the center of that aristocratic structure which still dilutes the English democracy, let us say, on a 40-60 basis. I know also about the new bromide about the House of Lords being literally without power under the Asquith acts. But to say that a legislative chamber which can exercise two vetoes over the acts of another legislative house is without power is to talk nonsense.

Having created these people into royal deities, we then proceed to fit them into a moral code different from the ordinary run. This is true not only of our national kings but of our industrial kings and all of those heroes created by the shirt-stuffer. They are not judged in the public mind by the same standards as the common man. Every kind of excuse is invented for their deeds when they stray from the path of righteousness to which the proletarian boob is bound. It is interesting to observe the ingenuity with which these inventors proceed. Thus my esteemed colleague, T. R. B., explaining the mental processes of a President longing for a third term, reminds us of Dr. Jacques Loeb's tropism theory to the effect that the bug, dashing toward the flame and to death is not drawn by egotism, but because the light produces a physical reaction in the wings which sets them in motion toward the fatal flame without any volition of his. Therefore when a favorite President is meditating a third term, it is not because of any egotism, it is tropism—he is just a little bug plunging on toward the light. The most eminent of American practising lawyers recently asked leniency for his client—a lady convicted of smuggling for commercial profit and the wife of a state supreme-court judge—on the ground that it was merely the result of her innocent love of finery and money.

Indeed these royal burdens are the beneficiaries always of the inventive apologist. Originally kings were defended because they were chieftains, strong men, the natural leaders of the tribe. Later, when that wouldn't hold water longer, they were kings "by divine right," through the will of God. But that will not be swallowed any more. Now the British king is necessary as the symbol of empire. If the empire fell apart tomorrow some other excuse would be needed and would be promptly invented and as promptly swallowed by the gullible American lover of blue blood. But as for me, my single self, I do not believe in kings or queens or their brats. I will not stand on the curb to see them or go to banquets to honor them. I hate the institution for which they stand with all my soul. And I pray heaven that no more of them will come here to give the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bandwagon

Germany participated in the Spanish War, first because Generalissimo Francisco Franco asked Chancellor Adolf Hitler for aid against "Bolshevist anarchy" and secondly because "our young air fleet burned to show what it could do, burned to show that the Richthofen spirit was still alive in it.

"You have shown that we do not shrink from war when it is forced on us. . . ." – *From a speech by Marshal Goering to the Condor Legion upon officially welcoming them home from the Spanish War, reported in The New York Times.*

If you are a "worker"—that is, a person who works in a mine, a factory, a store or an office in any capacity—you should know that if you are not receiving what you consider a living wage it is because taxes are eating up the difference between what you are getting and what you believe you ought to get. – *From the editorial columns of The Boston Daily Record.*

College people *do* have other occupations besides munching goldfish and phonograph records. According to a survey made on 52 leading college campuses, 87.2 percent are readers of The Post. – *From a Saturday Evening Post advertisement in The New York Times.*

Lusty Answer?

"Just before Their Majesties turn toward the flank of each group," says the order, which was signed by Lieut. Col. M. L. Fitzgerald, "the group commander will give the order, three cheers for Their Majesties. . . . All ranks (civilian) will raise their hats and give three dusty cheers." – *From an account of orders issued to citizens of Quebec, reprinted in The New York Times.*

Nice Work, If You Can Get to It

Every morning a smart town car draws up in front of 1107 Fifth Avenue, one of the most exclusive apartment buildings in New York. The chauffeur hops out, opens the automobile door and bows as a tall, slender sweet-faced woman, with brown hair turning gray, vague, kindly gray eyes and a gentle voice, climbs in. The chauffeur tucks a lap robe about her. The uniformed doorman bids a repectful good morning and the car whirls off. The Princess Anita de Braganca is going to work. – *From Helen Worden's column in The New York World-Telegram.*

Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?

The Federal Monopoly Investigating Committee begins today a "man-in-the-street" study of depression causes.

Edward Stettinius, chairman of the United States Steel Corporation, will be the first of forty-two witnesses. Others will include Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., chairman of General Motors Corporation, Owen D. Young, chairman of General Electric Corporation, and George Whitney, a partner of J. P. Morgan and Company. – *From The New York World-Telegram.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

Mine Eyes Have Seen

SIR: Darryl Zanuck has paid $70,000 for the movie rights to Steinbeck's "Grapes of Wrath," and swears he'll make a movie out of it. Meanwhile, the California reactionaries, doubtless led by the Associated Farmers, are putting up a determined fight to see that this doesn't happen. Why? Because Steinbeck has put California on the spot—both in his widely circulated pamphlet, "Their Blood Is Strong" and in "The Grapes of Wrath." Unfortunately for the Associated Farmers, they can't suppress the written word, but Hollywood is their meat . . . unless someone manages to convince Mr. Zanuck that this is Hollywood's golden opportunity to redeem itself.

Two weeks ago I visited five of California's migratory labor camps, including the Arvin Camp—scene of much of "The Grapes of Wrath." The Joads were still coming in, driving the same old jalopies, wearing the same numbed look on their faces. DiGiorgio and his fellow farmers are still paying $0.75 per acre to cotton "choppers," so that a man and his wife can tuck away the splendid sum of $1.25 at the end of a long day—and feed their two or three or four children out of that sum. The editor of The Brawley News is still muttering about communism, and Hugh Osborne, Imperial Valley Associated Farmers leader, is still trying to make Imperial County safe for democ- also a county supervisor) against the "Russian paternalism" of the Brawley, Calipatria and Indio F.S.A. camps. (Incidentally, I asked Mr. Osborne about those advertisements for "Cotton Pickers," etc., sent out to the drought areas a few years back, and he replied unhesitatingly, "They were planted by the Communist Party," etc., etc.)

Santa Paula, Calif. CHARLES L. TODD

The Committee for Cultural Freedom

SIR: I have received your reply of June 7 to my communication dated June 3 and I have seen published in your issue of June 14 John Dewey's well taken objections to your editorial of May 31, 1939. Perhaps the whole subject might be allowed to rest there if your issue of June 14, notwithstanding Dr. Dewey's communication, did not proceed to compound the obscurantism The New Republic has already created about the Committee for Cultural Freedom.

In the first place, the editorial comment attached to Dr. Dewey's letter has the effect of a smokescreen. It is, of course, an old maxim that one never wins an argument with an editor in his own paper, but I should not have thought that this maxim would apply to The New Republic.

Your editorial comment on Dr. Dewey's protest admits that

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ticularize wherein it was too sweeping. Was it too sweeping as a whole? Or was it too sweeping in parts? If the latter, in what parts was it too sweeping? And if it was too sweeping in whole or in part, is the implication meant that the editorial was sweeping but (despite my analysis of it, which went into much greater detail than Dr. Dewey's) was nevertheless just?

"We still feel, however," your comment on Dewey says, "that the main emphasis of the [Committee's] statement was on conditions abroad, and that insufficient stress was laid upon restrictions at home." You comment in this way despite Dr. Dewey's trenchant observation that the Committee is concerned entirely about American conditions and that your own attack on the Committee was based entirely on the correct belief that the work of the Committee was to be concerned with AMERICAN CONDITIONS. If the Committee is embarking on some adventure in a remote corner of the world, WHY IS THE NEW REPUBLIC (AND OTHERS) SO CONCERNED ABOUT IT? Does not the statement of the Committee arouse consternation because it makes it quite evident that it is the activities of the agents of totalitarianism HERE IN THIS COUNTRY that are going to be held up for public scrutiny?

"However admirable the intentions of the signers, including Mr. Norman Thomas," your comment on Dr. Dewey's objection says, "we continue to believe that the net effect of this declaration will be to uphold the hands of those who fight for reaction on the ground that 'fascism and communism are just alike, and the United States must have nothing to do with either of them.'" The New Republic will, I feel sure, be making a valuable public contribution if it can show just how the hand of reaction is upheld in this country by identifying veritable fascism with the type of communism we now see in Russia.

Does The New Republic believe that just because reactionaries identify all advocates of significant reform as "communists" that it is necessary to defend Russian totalitarianism or to maintain a hush-hush attitude toward its practices? If it believes in either of these policies, it is clear that it is playing into the hands of the reactionaries, who can point out, as they do, that social critics and advocates of reform have nothing to say about the draconic policies of the Soviet government. The effect of such observations by the reactionaries is to instil a lack of faith in social critics and advocates of reform among the generality of people that are seeking to make up their minds about public policies.

When the New Dealers are accused of being communists and aspiring dictators is it not necessary, in the current world situation, to distinguish them sharply from the Russian totalitarians and their friends as well as from the fascists? Is it not necessary to stress the wide gulf that separates the Russian as well as German and Italian totalitarians from our own liberals and independent radicals? Is there not a danger to American liberals and reformers when they take up the cudgels in defense of what cannot be defended within the framework of the Anglo-Saxon political and social tradition? In trying to defend the Russian dictatorship, especially as it has taken form under the one-man rule of Stalin, are not liberals and radicals, in their struggle with domestic reactionaries, really "leading with their chins," setting themselves up for knockout punches from the Westbrook Peglers, R. R. McCormicks, Tom Girdlers, E. T. Weirs, Boake Carters, Father Coughlins, *et al.*?

How can one, I ask in all earnestness, logically criticize the Memorial Day slaughter of Republic Steel Company workers in Chicago, in which a few poor devils lost their lives, and at the same time apologize for the slaughter of five to ten million Russian peasants in the forced collectivization of Russian agriculture and for the condemnation of thousands of political leaders and savants in trials that were frame-ups? How can one condemn the trials of Sacco and Vanzetti, Mooney and Billings infinitely clearer frame-ups of the Moscow trials? How can one have harsh words for Mr. Tom Girdler, whose influence and power for evil are definitely limited, and have apologetic words for Josef Stalin, whose influence and power for evil are unlimited? How can one condemn the Reichstag fire trials and not the Moscow trials? What has The New Republic to say about the assassination in France, Belgium, Holland and Switzerland in the past five years of more than a dozen persons who have broken with the Soviet regime?

Does The New Republic want it to be understood that it has one standard for evaluating our own domestic reactionaries and another for estimating the activities of the Stalin dictatorship both in Russia and, through its agents, here? In promoting such an impression does The New Republic wish to continue ignoring the vast and growing documented bibliography of the retrogressive character of the Stalin dictatorship? These are questions that arise forcefully upon reading The New Republic's attack upon the Committee for Cultural Freedom.

Those attacks continue even when The New Republic is trying to convey the impression that it is making amends for being "too sweeping." In the issue of June 14, 1939, for example, The New Republic, in commenting on the formation of a group called the League for Cultural Freedom and Socialism by persons standing well to the Left of those who constitute the Committee for Cultural Freedom, captions its observations wearily: "Still Another Committee." In its report about the formation of this League for Cultural Freedom and Socialism The New Republic says:

"Commenting two weeks ago on the Committee for Cultural Freedom, we said that 'some of its members are widely supposed to be followers of the anti-libertarian Trotsky.' Dr. John Dewey in his letter on page 161 of this issue observes, 'I will explicitly state that there is no "Trotskyist" among the signers.' Persons who follow the practically incessant divisions and redivisions among sectarians on the Left tell us Dr. Dewey is correct, that a crack has appeared in the ranks of the anti-Moscow communists and that the League now represents that part of the group which has stuck to its guns. We pass along this report with diffidence, however, since keeping track of Left politics is a whole-time job by itself, and we have other things to do."

This paragraph is a shining example of the interweaving of truth with falsehood, with misleading implications. It is incorrect, in the first place, that the Committee for Cultural Freedom represents any "sect of the left." It includes leftists as well as rightists and middle-of-the-roaders, the sole condition of membership being a belief in bona-fide cultural freedom as a minimal requirement in any wholesome society. Secondly, the Committee for Cultural Freedom does not represent any splintering of anti-Moscow communists, and by far the greater number of its members have never fallen under the spell of the communist philosophy. It follows that the Committee does not represent any faction that has deserted its guns while members of the newly formed League for Cultural Freedom and Socialism have stuck to their guns.

The final sentence in your paragraph is really too disingenuous, as The New Republic is itself deeply immersed on one side of its policies in Left politics of the Stalinist variety (and was playing Stalinist politics in its attack on this anti-Stalinist, anti-Hitler and anti-Trotsky Committee for Cultural Freedom) while on the other side of its policies it is immersed in New Deal politics. To be sure, I cannot prove what the editors of The New Republic know in their own minds, but I believe—and I suspect correctly—that The New Republic understands every little eddy of politics on the Left. I know that at least one of its editors attends to nothing else.

The New Republic's attack on the Committee for Cultural

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED.

objectively judged, of Stalinists, and was part of a whole frontal attack in which The Nation, The Daily Worker (Stalinist), New Masses (Stalinist) and the Socialist Appeal (Trotskyist) joined. The net effect of The New Republic's attack on the Committee was only to give aid and comfort to the agents of Stalinism in this country, for The New Republic was surely not defending the New Deal from the Committee as the Committee has not taken and undoubtedly will not take any position against the Democratic Party or any other genuinely American political party.

I repeat what I said in my previous communication: The New Republic, in its hysterical frenzy to stab the Committee for Cultural Freedom in the back, has simply exposed itself completely and thoroughly as a rank apologist for Stalinism in the liberal ranks. Although the direction and force of its remarks have been called to its attention it has dug in on this line. I submit that the Committee for Cultural Freedom, in bringing about this exposure by its mere formation, has made a distinct contribution to clearer public thinking.

I sincerely hope, however, that once the serious implications of its stand are fully realized by the editors that The New Republic will undergo a change in its belief that it is necessary to defend Stalinism in order to defend American liberalism. The two are incompatible to the *n*th degree.

FERDINAND LUNDBERG,
Secretary, Committee for Cultural Freedom
New York City

[Comment on this letter appears in the editorial section of this issue. – THE EDITORS]

Mr. Henderson Objects

SIR: I notice that John Flynn went out of his way in The New Republic of May 31 to ascribe to me a prediction which appeared in the Washington Merry-Go-Round column last January. I deny that I was the author of the forecast.

This is the second occasion recently on which John has used his weekly column in The New Republic to demean or grossly misinterpret my actions. I shall be warranted in believing John entertains something approaching malice towards me if other misrepresentations appear.

I believe I am more than customarily available to writers who want factual statements as to my doings and believings. I have said several times in recent months that I was not indulging in business forecast. On February 13, 1939, at America's Town Meeting of the Air, when John was on the program with me, I said, and he must have heard, "Many observers feel that the next critical period will come in 1940. Frankly, I have no guess. My crystal ball and my tea leaves have been put in storage so that I can study monopolies and the concentration of economic power." . . .

Washington, D. C. LEON HENDERSON

Aftermath of a Cocktail Party

SIR: If Mr. Granville Hicks had ever asked me for a statement about Mr. Allan Nevins' use of a story about him supposed to rest on my authority, I should gladly have made one to him. He has never done so, but his letter in your issue of June 7 moves me to make a public statement and such amends as apology can make for my part in a regrettable incident.

Both the occasion on which I heard the story and the occasion on which I repeated it were so long ago and, in Mr. Hicks's word, so convivial that I cannot now be sure in just what form it reached me or in just what form I told it. Of this I am sure: probably untrue and as told to me certainly unimportant; if I had taken it seriously I should probably have made use of it in the amiable warfare that Mr. Hicks and I have long been waging against each other in the press, though first I should have undertaken to verify it. I did not authorize Mr. Nevins to use the story. I did not know that he intended to use it. If I "repeatedly assured" him that I "was conversant at first hand with the facts," then the evening was more convivial than I was at the time aware or now remember, and I think I could not have told him that he might make his statement "with the utmost positiveness" for I did not understand that he wanted to make one. He did not intimate, during the evening, that he was contemplating such a statement, and he did not again mention the story to me: I heard no more of it till Mr. Nevins' book, which I did not know he was writing, was published. If he had ever asked me to confirm the story, I should have been forced to say, soberly, that I knew nothing about it, that it had come to me as gossip and had been repeated by me as gossip. I should have been forced to add, soberly, that I was none too sure of just what I had heard many months before. I heard it as a third-cocktail anecdote, I repeated it as one, I had no intimation that it was to appear in a book largely devoted to the evaluation of historical evidence, and I hope to God that no one is going to make a book out of what I said at dinner last night about a writer I know who has gone to Reno.

Cambridge, Mass. BERNARD DEVOTO

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Woodburn Harris of Vergennes, Vermont, apropos of Pearl Buck's review of "Wheat and Soldiers" by Ashihei Hino (June 7), writes that it is not hard to understand why "good men" like most Japanese can continue to kill and make war. One "can study the same thing in any strike in America," says Mr. Harris. "These so-called 'scabs' who are trying to displace striking workers are mostly men half-desperate with the thought of wives and children who must be supported. . . . Likewise the little Japanese corporal, though not insensible to the suffering imposed on the Chinese, feels he is bound to put the interests of Japanese women and children first. He needs to apply more analysis. Is it true that the interest of Japan's rank and file is being served by this terrible war? Or is it being waged for Japan's imperialists?"

A correspondent in Boston who signs himself, "Disillusioned Editor," congratulates us on Granville Hicks's "Harvard and the Interest Rate" (June 14). "When will Harvard and some other universities learn that degrees are not tantamount to good teaching?" . . . Theodore Serri of Brooklyn complains that Charles and Mary Beard in their new book, "America in Midpassage," give "scarcely adequate space" to either Berle and Means or Thurman Arnold in the chapter on "Frames of Social Thought." . . . And Earl W. Hayter of DeKalb, Illinois, complains that Max Lerner, in his article "Beard's 'Economic Interpretation'" (May 10), did not give due consideration to benefit Beard got from the research by O. G. Libby.

John C. Harrold of Houston, Texas, takes issue with Quincy Howe's letter (May 31) in which he said some biting things about the then approaching visit of the King and Queen. Mr. Harrold missed the point of the Howe letter pretty completely, and in doing so he says: "There may be no purely democratic country, but for democratic government and real freedom I would rather live in Great Britain or any of the British dominions than in the United States, any time." Guys like Mr. Harrold, we say, ought to g.b.w.t.c.f. . . . Kate Crane-Gartz of Altadena, California, says the only legitimate or just tax is the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Summer Book Number

Swing Around Asia

LET US BEGIN, as John Gunther himself begins, with the man. Mr. Gunther is a big fellow with healthy glands, placid nerves and an unquenchable vitality; his physique ensures him against the corrosive half-jealousies and distorting egotisms that are sometimes—though by no means always—the distinguishing characteristics of writers who stand five-feet-five in their shoes. He is a gregarious fellow who loves boulevards and cafés and newspaper offices; old Vienna is his idea of heaven, while the year he spent in the semi-isolation of South Norwalk, Connecticut, probably irked his spirit as no other "assignment" in his history as a journalist. Finally, he comes from Chicago, a mad city which creates the most intensely parochial ward-heeler politicians (Big Bill Thompson, Ed Kelly) and the most cosmopolitan intellectuals (Vincent Sheean, Ernest Hemingway, Archibald MacLeish) to be found on this continent.

Like other "internationalist" foreign correspondents from Chicago (Sheean, Edgar Ansell Mowrer), John Gunther is emotionally incapable of the cynicism which has given up hope that we are destined to see a world-state, or a world-order, in the twentieth century. Mr. Gunther is, of course, too intelligent to miss the fact that the Marxist "law of uneven and combined development," which is one of the sounder extensions of modern Marxist thought, means that we are in for at least three generations of harrowing political and economic moultings and transmogrifications. Yet in spite of his marvelous capacity for seeing things in terms of pressures, trends, relationships and configurations, Mr. Gunther, like Mr. Sheean and Mr. Mowrer, preserves a lovable innocence which results in one basic distortion: he sees the world as divided into "good" and "bad" nations. The man from Chicago, whose eye has been conditioned to limitless prairie vistas, is still unable to attain the disenchanted realism needed to digest the tremendous significance of *boundary*. And, like other prairie-created moralists (the gallant figure of Ellie Requa, who spends her time in Chicago building up a library of internationalism, comes to mind as the inevitable symbol of the Midway city in world affairs), Mr. Gunther still half-cherishes the illusion that the United States can by some magic solve problems that are created, not by human or racial evil, but by the unchanging facts of geographical configuration. No ethical urge can conjure away the fact that Germany is a crossroads, not a contained and self-assured entity; and no distinctions between democracy and feudalism can blink the fact that Britain and Japan, being cramped and limited island kingdoms, are very much alike as trouble-breeders (the ends of Tokyo and Whitehall statesmanship are the same: a fragmented neighboring continent). The nature of seas, mountains, plains and promontories makes for unevenness [illegible] to lecture other nations into keeping pace with a country surrounded by water, weak Mexico and Canada-the-hostage.

"Inside Asia,"[1] which is Mr. Gunther's companion piece to his perennially revised "Inside Europe," has all the charm, humor, balance, factual richness and ultimate theoretical weakness that are inseparable from Mr. Gunther's character as a person. Mr. Gunther achieves the impossible: he writes encyclopedias that are equal blends of data and *Gemütlichkeit*, he makes facts as pleasant-to-take as one's second glass of Pilsner on a mild spring evening. I feel diffident about recommending the line-by-line texture of "Inside Asia," for I have yet to digest the differences between Shensi and Shansi, Kwangtung and Kwantung, and it always strikes me as affectation that Chinese patronymics should precede given names or that *tang* should be pronounced *dong*. But I have seen Mr. Gunther at work (he has on various occasions collected material for Fortune Magazine) and I know that his method is not apt to lead him very far astray. Mr. Gunther loves to descant on such matters as the Japanese Prince Konoye's cult of languor, or Chiang Kai-shek's habit of falling asleep to the tune of an asthmatic gramophone, or Mr. Gandhi's actual liking for the inside of a good jail. He has an incredible gusto for the anecdotal, the episodic, the epigrammatic, the folk-ish-whimsical. But his method, for all its incidental sprightliness, is sound from the *scholarly* standpoint. When John Gunther sets about to swallow a country or a continent he works in a manner that is roughly analogous to that of a modern university professor who uses the Ph.D. theses of his graduate students as sources for detailed information. But there is this very important difference: the Ph.D. thesis is often the product of inferiority and ignorance, whereas Mr. Gunther taps *experts* who have given whole careers to single countries, languages, economies and military machines. I cannot personally vouch for a single isolate fact in "Inside Asia." But as a character witness for Mr. Gunther I believe I am as competent as the next person. And if there are any serious errors in "Inside Asia" I will pay for and eat as many pounds of the book as Mr. Gunther can eat ounces of caviar.

For his expansive Asiatic meal, Mr. Gunther begins with Japan, moves on to China and the great undeclared war, and then makes a southwesterly swing past formidable Singapore Base and the Dutch East Indies to British India and the Near East. Unlike some of the experts, he refuses to prophesy: he recognizes the fact that stalemates, continuing tensions, compromises, half-solutions, limited victories and provisional arrangements are just as much a part of the "natural" order as are clear-cut decisions. Japan's superiority in organization and direction is stalemated by China's immensity; but whether Japan will collapse economically because of the strain of throwing organization at immensity is a question which no one, in Mr. Gunther's

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

estimation, can answer. And indeed, Asia is a mass of enigmatic questions. There is no such thing as Asiatic unity; Asiatic countries are not interlocked with each other, but with European imperialism. The little peninsula-tail to the west wags the great dog of the Asiatic mainland. Hence to prophesy the future of Asia one must first get out T-square and triangle and measure coming events on the Rhine and the Vistula.

In tracing his sequence of causation back to Europe, Mr. Gunther is probably on firm ground. His tacit moral judgments, however, give his book a propaganda tinge which might trap the unwary into supposing that American ethical requirements must lead us to support Britain in the Orient. For example, Mr. Gunther says the Japanese "Monroe Doctrine for Asia" has no analogy in our past behavior. This is nonsense; the United States has, in times gone by, assumed the right to preserve "order" in Mexico, Nicaragua, Haiti and Panama, and Theodore Roosevelt once boasted that he "took" the Canal. We also "took" California, Arizona, Utah, Nevada, New Mexico and Texas. Like Mr. Gunther, I want the Chinese to win. But I want them to win because they are the nicer people, not because the Japanese have "broken" an international code which has never actually existed. It will be better for our minds and our ultimate safety as a peaceful democracy if we keep "morality" and "Christianity" out of the problems of power politics and personal preference. JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Let's Talk About Cheap Books

THE THING that has come up to trouble my afternoon sleep in New York is the awful way of the world, thus:

Place: America, all of it.

Time: now.

If something is endangered, everybody beefs. If it isn't endangered, nobody gives a good God. The consequence is, we are a race of what used to be called hypocrites. We are, in my own terms, and at our best, willful sleepers. Dead to the world; dead to the truth. We will grow high in spirit over wrong; we will not grow even lukewarm in spirit over right. To wit:

Modern Age Books, Inc., is nothing to me. It is an American establishment which publishes new books, reprints older ones, and so on. I have no axe to grind for Modern Age, no pocket-knife to grind for myself. This is objective.

When I heard of the outfit I said, That's it; that's American; that's what we want; books, two-bits each. I saw high-school students buying books; college undergraduates; eighteen-dollar-a-week clerks; people with not enough money to buy books for two-fifty, three, and four and five dollars. I saw the idea as sound, and potentially a tremendous force—to cut in on some of the Niagara of wasted American hours of living people reading the shabby legend of life in the pulps. I saw the people gradually learning to like the better legend because it had come down from its high horse and was now in the street where they were and where it belonged. Where I knew my own writing belonged, where I sure as hell wanted it to be. Out the sophisticated mind, yapping in the same breath of literature, war, art, friends away, etcetera—out of these regions into the world. I saw the real world, in our country, in the one country where this should be so, knowing letters for a part of life, knowing writing and writers for closeness, not distance, knowing quality and reality and understanding for their democracy; and so, naturally, I felt as I did.

The appearance of Modern Age in America was as great an event as any which has ever been ignored by the articulate country at large. It's true that the people themselves have ignored it, but the people must do that at first; the fault isn't theirs. Give them time and they will know what not to ignore forever. The ignoring was done by those very individuals and powers which have been moaning so much about the possibility of our losing something precious in this country: free assembly, freedom of speech, civil rights, and so on. They apparently will not hail, or even quietly be pleased about the appearance of a great and good thing—apparently only for one reason: that they are afraid it will cut in, in some fashion, on their own affairs. That's bad behavior, even if the people behind the good thing are people you don't like. I'm not sure anyone has any reason to dislike the people behind Modern Age, so I can't account for the condition except to believe that selfishness—the worst kind of it—is responsible.

Harcourt, Brace—my publishers—agreeing with me on the importance of Modern Age, gave me permission early last year, and again this year, to have a book published by Modern Age. The books were published: the first at 25 cents a copy, the second at 50 cents a copy. Remember, there is no axe. I understand from Modern Age that the reception given my books is in most cases a little better than the reception given the other Modern Age books.

Briefly, the books were ignored by the majority of newspapers and periodicals which make a pretense of keeping their readers informed regarding new books, and which were founded specifically to review new books.

Publications have no business ignoring American writing which happens to appear in cheaply priced books. The importance of the books in relation to current literature cannot possibly, in our country, be less because the books happen to be offered for sale at a tenth or a fifth of the sum asked for by publishers of other books—the majority.

That's all it comes to—in regrettably poor English. My Modern Age books may be awful; they may be the worst in the world. I doubt it. If they are, every book I publish is; all of them are. That has nothing to do with it. The reviewers can take care of that in their reviews.

The cost of the book shouldn't be a force in determining the value of the writing, or the need to review it. The odd part of the whole thing is that Modern Age books are by comparison all very good books; in some cases very important ones. They're just priced cheaply.

I mean, let's not just beef about things that are in danger of being lost; let's know when we've got a good thing and give it a break.

The question is: Does Modern Age publish books or not? If they're books, they've no more right to be ignored than the books of Simon and Schuster, Random House, Harpers, Scribner's, Harcourt, Brace or any of the other houses.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be ignored just because they cost four bits, and because Modern Age is one of the finest things that have ever invaded the publishing world of America.

I'm no essayist and I've got no statistics. I know there is deliberate dirty work going on somewhere and I am asking those who are doing it to stop crying over things we may lose if they can't be decent about something good we've found.

I refer the matter to the authorities. Line up your statistics and point out how truly fascistic is the behavior of the patriots. I'm talking for my country, not for myself or Modern Age. I've heard from Mark Twain that a man's the worst kind of liar who doesn't reveal to others the truth he knows. I don't think we want to be that way all the time. We'd do better to cut our throats, literally or figuratively.

WILLIAM SAROYAN

Sea Power and Land Power

The Life and Work of Captain Alfred Thayer Mahan, by Captain W. D. Puleston. New Haven: Yale University Press. 394 pages. $4.
The Rise of American Naval Power, by Harold and Margaret Sprout. The Princeton University Press. 410 pages. $3.75.

THESE TWO VOLUMES are timely contributions to the discussion of great issues—sea power, imperialism, foreign policy, and war as an instrument of policy. Captain Puleston's work is a biography of Alfred Thayer Mahan who, more than anyone else, sought to rationalize the thesis that the United States must enter into vigorous competition with other powers over foreign markets, build a huge navy, acquire naval bases in distant waters and expand by the acquisition of colonies beyond the confines of the western hemisphere. Mr. and Mrs. Sprout's volume is a history of the politics, economics and fortunes of naval policies and planning from the American Revolution to the end of the World War; above all, it is a parliamentary history of the navy. In the two works may be traced the conflicts, the muddles, the back-stage formulations and the front-stage gestures and proclamations that have accompanied the expansion of the United States on the sea. Captain Puleston writes a clear and simple narrative, as befits a sailor, without citing his sources, chapter and verse, as he goes along. The Sprouts write clearly and simply also but, with the caution of scholars, they buttress their pages by ample footnotes.

Captain Puleston is especially interested in reconstructing the personality of Mahan. So far as broad strokes are concerned, he adds little to the older life of Mahan issued by C. C. Taylor in 1920 but, having access to new letters and papers, he fills in and enlarges the portrait drawn by the earlier biographer. Now we know more of the Mahan family, of Mahan's personal and family experiences, of his comings and goings through the years of his long life.

As a biography, Puleston's work is decidedly on old-fashioned lines, and more concerned with the uniqueness of the hero than with those qualities that make him typical of a class and a period. The latter might have been worked out, for the materials are here for the psychography of the typical imperialist of the pre-war time: the "spells of a depression," frustrations to be overcome, which Mahan shared with other strong weaklings like T. Roosevelt and Wilhelm II, who made gestures of power and burned matches over the powder barrels they had helped to fill

the European imperialists—all ambitious men of the middle class who looked for their rise no longer to the acquisition of wealth but to bureaucratic employment and position, and to imperialistic agitation in the name of national grandeur. They scorned or pretended to scorn the "mere dollar-and-cent view, the mere appeal to comfort and well-being as distinct from righteousness and foresight. . . . For, after all, if the love of mere glory is selfish, it is not quite as low as the love of mere comfort." Here is a wonderful example, rare because it is American, of the valuation and moralizing processes in the bureaucratic mind. Because it imagines, in perfect sincerity, that it undergoes privation in the state service and believes in its own foresightedness as compared with the thoughtless multitude—one of the common assumptions of the service—it thinks also that the policies it advocates are the best and noblest for the country it serves so hard.

In Mahan we have a noteworthy example of a state servant who looked down on ordinary money-grubbers, who seemed to think that he was above all such considerations, and devoted himself with fanatical zeal to promoting a "non-pecuniary" profession. Yet at the same time he wrote of sea power, naval bases, colonies and trade as paying propositions in materialistic terms that might put a Marx to shame. Moreover, he did not regard it as improper for a servant of the United States navy to sell, at the extraordinary price of $500 each, articles to jingo periodicals in England which stimulated the expansion of the British navy —then a potential competitor of the American navy; and he was angry at President Wilson for his order forbidding American officers to cash in on writing articles after the World War broke out.

How did a man so theoretical in matters of arms and so unworldly on the whole happen to play such a role in shaping the thought of his time? In the 1880's, as the Sprouts write, naval "legislation was outrunning theory." Congress, giving heed to a few progressives, that is, engineering men, in the navy, voted money for several armored warships, at a time when there was no sky-scraping ideology to cover the operation. This theory was supplied by Mahan.

To disclose the relation between ideology and interest in naval affairs, it is necessary to take note of a sequence of events: (1) some ships of a new type are built from the overflow of a Treasury swollen with revenues derived from high protectionism; (2) a naval officer provides the ideology for more such ships for the purpose of winning sea power,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which Mahan, though an anti-imperialist at first, finally embraced and expounded, writing rather grotesquely that sea power is "the handmaid of expansion, its begetter and preserver"; (4) finally a vested professional interest, always eager to enlarge appropriations and emoluments, and heavy industries, caught again and again in economic crises and craving big navy orders as outlets from distress, combine in endorsing passionately the ideology of sea power.

Owing to the slow development of this sequence in the United States, it was natural that Mahan's theory of sea power should have found acceptance first in England. In that country a much larger sector of industries was and is devoted to furnishing armaments than in the United States. In this country big industry and finance had at the time other important and profitable work to do: it will perhaps interest strait-laced economic determinists to learn that J. P. Morgan declined to finance Mahan's first book, although he was ready to contribute $200 toward the cost of a printing.

So it came about that a combined interest of a bureaucracy and industry was at length expressed ideologically by a member of the naval bureaucracy—by an academic member rather than a fighting man—and was expressed in historical, not technological, terms. The idea of fighting and trading-power on the sea was, of course, old. It belonged especially to the age of mercantilism from which Mahan drew his first big example—"The Influence of Sea Power upon History, 1660-1783," published in 1890. But the mercantilists did not give currency to the shimmering words, "sea power," to cover the realities with which they dealt. Mahan seized the phrase which rolls and rings. He did it deliberately and consciously; as he told his English publisher, in a letter not quoted by Captain Puleston, he picked the phrase in order "to compel attention and to receive currency. . . . I deliberately discarded the adjective 'maritime' as being too smooth to arrest men's attention or stick in their minds." Hitler never did anything more clever in the line of phrase-making.

The word "sea" is more romantic, less crass, than "fighting and trading" or "maritime," and the word "power" suited the age of steam and electricity and power politics. It permitted giddy thinkers to jump from technology into politics, from horse-power to power politics, and back again. With great speed, in such circumstances, Mahan's policies found their way into international circulation by way of balance-of-power politics and led to the very unrealistic conclusion that, as in steam engines and electricity, what is power in one country also constitutes power in another. When once the mighty word "power" got into the heads of ideological statesmen, Mahan kept on feeding the zeal by new articles and books. At no time did he give any adequate consideration to the role of land power in history or to the limitations of power itself for any one nation. He defended the use of poison gas at The Hague, opposed all efforts at international arbitration, fought off arms reduction, and thus became one of those "terrible simplifiers" whose coming was feared by the historian Burckhardt in the 1870's as a concomitant of modern industrialism.

Mahan's sea-power concept served the bellicose tendencies of the age perfectly. "It might have been written" early 1890's "passionately lamented the downfall of French sea power that Mahan had so aptly described." William of Germany quoted Mahan's book "to justify his conviction that Germany's future lay upon the sea." It produced such a devastating effect that all the countries touched by it, in one way or another, came to neglect their true and all-around war potentials in an obsession for sea power, largely expressed in the building of the biggest possible ships.

The naval officers and heavy industries of the Great Powers knew what they owed to Mahan, even if they did not always express it so clearly as the British captain who, in proposing Mahan's health, declared that he and his co-officers owed to the sea-power books "the £3,000,000 just voted for the increase of the Navy." One admiral declared that for the improved position of the British Navy after 1900, "We have not to thank either Conservatives or Liberals, but Mahan and no one else."

Although Captain Puleston warmly admires the hero of his narrative, he is cautious in hailing Mahan as an originator and path-breaker. He concedes that Mahan laid no claim to originality and that land power deserves consideration along with sea power. At no point does he precisely sum up the whole of Mahan's working gospel, but he does make it clear in a fragmentary way just what Mahan stood for: the promotion of commerce, shipping, colonies and a navy sufficient to protect the empire of trade and territories and the sea lanes between the metropolis and the outposts. Great Britain, Mahan argued, had pursued this policy with success, and the United States, a continental power in the western hemisphere, should follow it to power, prosperity and glory.

Speaking of Mahan's first book, Captain Puleston says: "The world accepted his theory in his own lifetime and transmitted it as axiomatic to this generation." The statement would be more exact if it ran: "The governing élite of the imperialist nations accepted Mahan's theory and this generation of sea captains and admirals in the United States has for practical purposes rejected the whole thesis and fallen back from the drive for imperialist expansion throughout the world to a position of defense in this hemisphere." If Admiral Leahy spoke for the navy before the House Naval Affairs Committee in 1938, the navy has rejected the whole Mahan thesis in favor of a more limited conception of foreign policy and sea power. The poll of captains and admirals on Admiral Sims's adverse view in 1935 shows that a majority of the fighting men in the navy do not want to police the world and believe with Sims that "Our trade as a neutral must be at the risk of the traders; our army and navy must not be used to protect this trade." What becomes then of Captain Puleston's "axiomatic"?

The Sprouts' book falls into a different class. It traces with thoughtful respect for facts the conflicts of parties and interests that accompanied the development of naval policy —from the Federalist-Jeffersonian battle of early days down to the end of the World War. Due attention is given to matters of ship construction, changing types of armaments and questions of strategy, such as the idea of dispersion and concentration in the disposition of forces. The naval "lessons" of the several wars (not all of them "learned" by the navy) are reviewed and summarized.

PROTECTED BY UNITED STATES COPYRIGHT LAW
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with cold-blooded precision, leaving upon the reader the impression that Congress never accepted whole-heartedly the Mahan thesis and was more concerned with navy-yard jobs than with the overseas bases which Mahan regarded as the supporting points of sea power and empire. In about seventy-five pages the Sprouts give a clearer and more concise description of the Mahan thesis than can be gathered from all of Captain Puleston's volume. Looking calmly and with scholarly caution upon all the main interests, economic and political, involved in the formulation of foreign policy and naval policy, they really make a contribution to the understanding of the conflicts and cross-currents in which such policies are shaped and put forward. They are not seeking to perpetuate the names of heroes or to defend or criticize men and measures, but to give a factual basis for the consideration of the ideas and interests so closely linked with our national fate. They have done their work so well that all their readers must hope for a second volume from their hands—a volume tracing along the same line the fortunes of American naval power since the World War. No work would be more helpful for American citizens now trying to grope their way amid the armament ideologies that are bidding for their loyalties.

The record of the civilian branches of the government in the exercise of their functions relative to armaments is by no means glorious, as it unfolds in the Sprouts' pages. For a long time the naval policies of Congress were almost entirely restricted to voting money for the navy or withholding money, and from the outset the navy was supposed to spend money on the districts that granted the money. This made it the first qualification of the Secretary of the Navy, the civilian head, "that he should never have seen salt water outside of a pork barrel," as Mr. Dooley described the situation at the turn of the century.

Judging by the Sprouts' findings, there was never any extended consideration, during the period they cover, of armament policies in relation to any reasoned scheme of national interest or national defense. Nor was there much progressiveness among the technicians of the navy. Never were they more backward than in the years following the Civil War, when the reactionaries of the fleet, in spite of progress achieved elsewhere, and in spite of their own experiences with steamships in the Civil War, left alone by a busy Congress, put the American navy back under canvas.

The history of this period suffices to disprove the assertion that the navy if only left to itself would approach even technical perfection. On the whole we think that the civilian's record in American naval policies could be made out as slightly better than the Sprouts have made it. "It is significant," writes Captain Puleston, though he does not say significant for what—"that the navy is indebted to civilian Secretaries for the establishment of the Naval Academy and the preservation of the Naval War College." And there are a few other examples of civilian initiative, though of course our parliamentarians have not taken the trouble to apply constantly their own thoughts to questions of our defense.

The inclination of naval officers to take a part in the policy-shaping functions of the government and Congress is probably understated by the Sprouts' book. Mahan crossed the separating line constantly and with a will, setting him-

Anti-Fascism is NOT ENOUGH!

THE AMERICAN SOCIAL CREDIT MOVEMENT ADVANCES A 4-POINT FIGHTING PROGRAM FOR THE REGENERATION OF AMERICAN DEMOCRACY.

1. An Economic Invention

"If we can find an invention," Stuart Chase says, "or a series of inventions, to conquer unemployment without piling up a mountain of debt, we shall be as immune to foreign isms and ideologies as an iron dog to rabies . . . inventors must find a method which will permit Americans to buy back what they can make." The series of economic inventions proffered by Social Credit in 1919 fills the requirements. The National Credit Account, Compensated Price, and National Dividend will not increase debt, will pay off old debt, will enable Americans to buy all they produce.

2. Economic Democracy

No catch-phrase, economic democracy means increased command by the individual over his environment. Increased command is reflected in two ways: 1) higher standard of living (ability to buy more goods) and 2) greater opportunity (wider choice in employment or enterprise).

3. The Leisured State

Social Credit stands for a Free Association of Individuals that is aiming at becoming a Leisured State in a Power Age. The "live and let live" sociology of Social Credit is absolutely opposed to statolatry and the Regimented Work State of Fascism.

4. A New World Order

No more leagues of debtors and creditors like the League of Nations. No more forced competition for foreign trade producing war. Instead of a tyrannical World State, a federation of true economic democracies. Nations who have achieved national financial independence can initiate an era of reciprocal and complementary trading and voluntary cooperation.

★

Social Credit! What Is It?, sent free on request, is an attractive two-color folder outlining the economics, politics, social objective and multiform activities of the American Social Credit Movement. *Yours for the asking.* Use the coupon below and in addition Alberta's New Deal for Debtors, a true account of the misrepresented events in Alberta, will be posted to you.

★

The American Social Credit Movement invites inquiries from Americans who are seeking new measures for the new times . . . to stop the dictators.

Social Credit Is Coming

MAIL TODAY

AMERICAN SOCIAL CREDIT MOVEMENT NR 6-28-39
66 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me Social Credit! What Is It?

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

This coupon is good for one copy of Alberta's New Deal for Debtors by Gorham Munson

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Great History of Our Time!

by CHARLES A. BEARD and MARY R. BEARD

"A masterly synthesis of American life and culture in the years 1927-38, omitting nothing. A performance amazing in its comprehensiveness, its accuracy, its reasonable, impartial tone."

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT
The Nation

"As working craftsmen, Charles and Mary Beard have no equals today in the field of American history, whether among old or young. Here are sweep, learning, depth, tough-mindedness . . . The Beards write impassioned prose in the grand manner."

MAX LERNER
New Republic

AMERICA IN MIDPASSAGE

("The Third Volume of the Classic 'Rise of American Civilization'")

$3.50 at any bookstore
or direct from the publishers

●

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
60 Fifth Avenue, New York

College, as the navy's public "voice to speak constantly of our external interests, matters touching the navy, and perhaps also maritime matters generally." In this educative or propaganda function Mahan thought that he could be "more useful than by simple sea-going."

The Sprouts' book also fails to bring out the rather early surrender of England as *the* enemy of America for naval thinking and the selection of Germany, even before any sea-dog rows had occurred, such as those off Manila. Indeed the weakness of their book, if it has any, lies in the necessary limitation of their range to the American scene. International affairs and repercussions played a part in the rise and growth of American naval policies. Perhaps frightened, as Henry Adams said, by the grizzly German terror and remembering undefended Canada, the British were less severe in dealing with the United States as time went on, and it became impossible to "sell" the navy to the American people on the basis of England as *the* enemy. Then Germany furnished the convenient foe and the high talk of the Kaiser, flushed with Mahan's foaming wine, supplied what passed as "proof."

In the circumstances, the navy party in both countries made the most of the reciprocal "terror." It is amazing to see how much the correspondence of the German naval attachés in Washington and the American naval attachés in Berlin is cluttered up with arguments to be used in the ideological battle and the contests for larger naval appropriations. Tirpitz's naval attaché subscribed to an American clipping bureau in order not to miss one of the interchangable arguments to be employed in Berlin; and the American attaché in Berlin thought no gossip bearing on the German peril too small or too trivial to be transmitted to Washington for domestic consumption. On October 22, 1901, the Chief of Naval Intelligence in Washington wrote to the Secretary of the Navy "that the disinclination to quote the increasing naval power of Germany in public arguments bearing on the increase of the U. S. Navy works to the disadvantage of the U. S." After saying that in present circumstances and "her condition of comparative geographical isolation," the United States "need not attempt to equal Great Britain and her naval power," the Chief added that "in drawing for comparison on German conditions, which we may logically and fairly do, we may find our best arguments for a building policy of the U. S." (unprinted mss.). Of such writing, thinking and urging is fateful history made.

Another *caveat* is appropriate in view of the limitations which the Sprouts and Captain Puleston have placed upon their works. They hew close to the line of sea power and cut off the vital ties associating it with land power. Captain Puleston is conscious of deficiencies arising from this harsh operation, and he takes Mahan to task for treating lightly the role of armies on the continent of Europe, even British soldiers, in the very wars in which nearly all the victories and glory are ascribed to sea power. Yet in his natural affection for sea power, Captain Puleston says of the World War, "in the end the silent pressure of the sea power was again the decisive element."

In substance it means, "taking the armies for granted, the navies won the war." To lift this vital question above

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

war, but what lost it? There can hardly be any disagreement over the proposition that the adoption of the sea-power concept led Germany to put too many men and too much money into a navy that could do little in the War, and this action ruined her. To state it in another way: Germany lost the War because she watered down her land potential, and England helped to win the War by sending hundreds of thousands of soldiers to the Continent. If sea power wins wars, why does England now turn to the conscription of men for land power? The question raises the limitations of sea power and the importance of more thinking than Mahan ever mustered in the interest of national power and national defense. And it is time for someone to begin this thinking.

CHARLES A. BEARD and ALFRED VAGTS

World-Telegram

Man with a tail heads eastward for the Fair.
Can open a pack of cigarettes with it.
Was weaving baskets happily, it seems,
When found, the almost Missing Link, and brought
From Ceylon in the interests of science.
The correspondent doesn't know how old.

Two columns left, a mother sees her child
Crushed with its father by a ten-ton truck
Against a loading platform, while her son,
Small, frightened, in a Sea Scout uniform,
Watched from the "Langley." All needed treatment.

Berlin and Rome are having difficulty
With a new military pact. Some think
Russia is not too friendly toward London.
The British note is called inadequate.

An Indian girl in Lima, not yet six,
Has been delivered by a Cæsarian.
A boy. They let the correspondent in:
Shy, uncommunicative, still quite pale,
A holy picture by her, a blue ribbon.

Right of the center, and three columns wide,
A rather blurred but rather ominous
Machine gun being set up by militia
This morning in Harlan County, Kentucky.
Apparently some miners died last night.

All this on the front page. Inside, penguins.
The approaching television of baseball.
The King approaching Quebec. Cotton down.
Skirts up. Four persons shot. Advertisements.
Twenty-six policemen are decorated.
Mother's Day repercussions. A film star
Hopes marriage will preserve him from his fans.

News of one day, one afternoon, one time.
If it were possible to take these things
Quite seriously, I believe they might
Induce disorder in the strongest brain,
Paralyze the most resilient will,
Stop trains, break up the city's food supply,
And perfectly demoralize the nation.

THE last twenty-five years have seen America top the world in the liveliness and excellence of its short stories. Here is the cream of the crop, selected by the greatest living authority.

CALDWELL
CATHER
FAULKNER
HEMINGWAY
LARDNER
MARQUAND
PARKER
SAROYAN
STEINBECK
WOLFE
AND 40 OTHERS

50 Best American Short Stories

Edited By *EDWARD J. O'BRIEN*

He read 150,000 stories
Studied 50,000
Selected just 50 as good enough for this volume.

Only $3.00

They Speak for the Exiles

Escape to Life

By KLAUS & ERIKA MANN

"A brilliantly executed group picture of many famous German artists, writers, musicians, actors and scientists in exile. Steinbeck's 'Grapes of Wrath' tells of a great American migration. This book tells with equal force and eloquence, another great migration — the disbursal of Germany's foremost cultural leaders over the earth." — *Charles Poore in the New York Times*

"A really important book full of fascinating stories." — *Saturday Review of Literature*

$3.50

H. M. CO.

LICENSED TO UMI BY ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Undoubtedly the most challenging and penetrating analytical study of the totalitarian State that has appeared in this country . . . brilliantly written, certain to be read with sustained interest. . . ." —N. Y. TIMES BOOK REVIEW

THE END OF ECONOMIC MAN

By Peter F. Drucker

England and America Both Acclaim It!

"At once the most penetrating and the most stimulating book I have read on the world crisis. At last there is a ray of light in the dark chaos."—**J. B. Priestley.**

"An aspect of our problem which ought to have far more attention. . . . I sincerely hope this book will blaze a trail."—**Sir Norman Angell.**

"At once brilliant and profound. What is important is Mr. Drucker's analysis of the origins and meaning of the totalitarian state." —**Edward Shanks,** *The Sunday Times, London.*

"An uncommonly stimualting book . . . an intelligent and corrective 'other side'."—*From an editorial in the* **Baltimore Sun.**

"Blessed be he who operates on our illusions. Blessed, therefore be Peter F. Drucker."—**John Chamberlain** *in a two-page review in Harpers.*

"So thoughtfully provocative and full of insight that I plan an immediate second reading."—**Dean R. C. McCrea,** *Columbia University School of Business.*

Now at Leading Bookstores • $2.50

THE JOHN DAY COMPANY • New York

No Hands

Quo Vadimus? or The Case for the Bicycle, by E. B. White. New York: Harper and Brothers. 237 pages. $2.

ONE BIG TROUBLE with being a funny writer is that you begin to make a living at it, and thus begin to run up against the demands of deadline. You may not be feeling funny but only hung over, yet there is copy to be got up. Copy got up under pressure may be quite passable if you merely have to scare up a wheat shortage for the Balkans. But if your vocation is the springs of laughter itself, the thing will sound strained—and nothing kills a laugh like the sight of dogged perspiration. So E. B. White's book of collected pieces runs from flatly arch prose essays any writer less gifted would have fed to the fire to some of the cleanest writing ever.

In a way it is odd that with whole gangs of literary people burning about sham and injustice, the three men with the cleanest cutting edge, and the surest finger on the button, are in The New Yorker group—which would die of mortification to be caught even smoldering at anything in the world. Thurber and White and Wolcott Gibbs have among them put away more overblown and unassailable reputations than all the angry huffing and puffing of their literary time. What is more, they have done it with a mastery of prose that is not even suspected until you begin to inventory what was accomplished in how many simple words, what high-jinks they might have used and didn't; and the unmistakable clarity of meaning that almost everybody else might achieve, but doesn't.

Like most humorists, Mr. White is best when he's funny, and unsafe when he is not. In a book like this it isn't only that the change of pace from something spoofed to something felt is confusing: there are pieces as shallow and wet as the objects of the surrounding satire. "The Street of the Dead" is brought off, a nice morning impression with overtones; "The Key of Life" is not. "Barge Life on a Root Canal" and "Rest Room No. 2" are mixtures of pathology and the feverish quip that leave a sickroom taste, and the half-serious satire on Dr. Vinton is merely squashy.

But the light essays, even when the late-study lamp begins to smoke up the place, have nothing wrong with them except the dullness that overtakes everybody at times. And when they are going right, they'll lift the covers off the book. The most brilliant is "R. F. Tweedle D."—four pages of the highest criticism and you'll never have to read the book, or another like it. Right behind it there is "As the Oith Toins." I guess the funniest independent piece is "Swing Low, Sweet Upswing," which everybody reads four or five times and still quotes to George Soule around the office on press day. Its play between the pertinent and the immediately absurd has the rare quality of not stopping once but still knowing when, and before the reader does at that. "How to Tell a Major Poet" crowds it for first place, and if I had to choose I'd take both. There are plenty of others—straight-face parodies of the radio, the newsreel, non-stop flyers and writers, etc.—all very neat, wise and long overdue. A piece warming to the heart is his blast against the anonymous donkey who wrote "How to Get

LICENSED TO UMDOR
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

longer necessary is the monologue give-away, "Liberal in a Lounge Car."

In general E. B. White's writing should be a helpful study for learners and others conscious of typewriter stutter; for those not conscious of typewriter stutter it should be compulsory, in some cases laid on with little whips. For you don't have to be a humorist to be a writer—but you do have to be a writer to be a humorist in print.

OTIS FERGUSON

Drummer Boy

The Salesman, by John Herrmann. New York: Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

IN "THE SALESMAN" John Herrmann shows himself to be an expert delineator of a type of American hitherto unexploited in fiction, a figure so generally conceived as triple Babbitt that any writer has a real salesman's job of selling the reader a sympathetic portrait to replace a favorite cartoon. Herrmann creates his man with a dry, scientific delicacy, a lifelike exactness of contour and shading that is more akin to Grant Wood and the Midwest school of painting than it is to any literary school. Unlike the characters of most realistic writing, the hero seems not so much a rather average man observed by a careful recorder as a man genuinely created, bones correctly strung together, organs and nerve centers expertly assembled; and once this creation is set in motion, the author obliterates himself; his rigorously simple prose becomes invisible glass through which you can see and almost shake hands with Robert Crawford.

Crawford was born a couple of years too late to know what it might feel like to make real money. He has the Eastern territory for the Marvel Art Picture Frame Company, hitting the small art stores from Boston to Pittsburgh. The boss takes Ovington and Wanamaker and other big stores that might have shoved Crawford's weekly commissions above his usual thirty dollars. Crawford tries to believe the theory that you can sell fans to the Eskimos if you just make enough calls and keep at it long enough. The theory might have worked once, and still might work for salesmen who hadn't grown up in a depression, but the generation Crawford belongs to can only half believe in their own Pollyanna sales patter; they know too well that today there are more causes for "sales resistance" than the wrong psychological approach. So Herrmann's salesman, cynical of his own good news, harassed by mortgages, home worries, falling sales, is not the live-wire the old-timers used to be, even though he must put on the same show. He must go through all the motions of being a great sport, he must lead with a grin, pep up the customer, advertise prosperity-around-the-corner, sympathize with life stories. He must never relax and assume that he and his buyer are just two human beings with human problems, or he is lost. The best scene in the book is when Crawford, his selling-front worn down by worry over his wife Penelope, the bank taking over his house, his baby dead, spills his guts to his old Boston customer, Miss Pisgrove, and finds that his momentary lapse from smiling salesman into forlorn human being has cost him his biggest order.

THE BIG 3 ARE HARPER BOOKS

THOMAS WOLFE

The Web and the Rock

Only superlatives can describe this magnificent novel, which the author of *Look Homeward, Angel* and *Of Time and the River* completed before his untimely death. Its love story is one of the most tempestuous and moving in literature. Its writing, its passion and its poetry rank with Wolfe's best. "Full of the joy and zest of life."—WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE. $3.00

JOHN GUNTHER

Inside ASIA

With characteristic flashing wit and brilliant insight, the author of *Inside Europe* lifts the lid off the continent of mystery. "The most competent one-man reportorial job ever undertaken."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune "Books"*. "Even more successful than *Inside Europe*. I deem it the plain duty of all . . . citizens to ship east of Suez with Gunther as their dragoman."—CLIFTON FADIMAN, *New Yorker*. $3.50

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

Huntsman, What Quarry?

"Lyric perfection . . . she strikes as ever a lyre of a hundred strings. There is a Chaucerian touch here, the very magic of those eternal lines that open 'Canterbury Tales'."—*N. Y. Times Book Review*. "Each new volume emphasizes the uniqueness of her lyric gift. It stands head, shoulders and lovely body above the verse of other contemporary poets."—LEWIS GANNETT, *N. Y. Herald Tribune*. Cloth, $2.00 Leather, $3.00

HARPER & BROTHERS · 49 E. 33rd St. · NEW YORK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

2nd PRINTING

—and no wonder! Just read these reviews of the book which really tells how propaganda dragged us into war in 1917—*and can again . . .*

THE NEW REPUBLIC—"Will help vastly to prevent Americans from being swept off their feet by today's fears, hatreds and hysterias. . . . A fascinating and thrilling account of who worked on whom and how."

N. Y. TIMES BOOK REVIEW—"How does one know that a similar movement has not been set going in anticipation of a new war on the continent of Europe?"

BOAKE CARTER, *Ledger Syndicate*—"I, for one, only wish that every single American citizen would be required by law or something to read it—then read it again. . . . One of the most downright startling books that has been compiled about a subject which is worrying every American citizen today."

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR—"Particularly interesting are the tactics Mr. Peterson describes for winning the sympathies of American newsmen abroad."

PROPAGANDA FOR WAR

By H. C. PETERSON

The Campaign Against American Neutrality, 1914-17

$3.00, UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA PRESS
Norman, Oklahoma

VACATIONISTS

WHEREVER YOU GO, WHEREVER YOU ARE, LET US SOLVE YOUR SUMMER READING PROBLEM.

WRITE, WIRE OR TELEPHONE TO NEW REPUBLIC BOOKS. WE WILL BE GLAD TO SEND THE BOOKS OF ANY PUBLISHER POSTAGE FREE, TO ADDRESSES IN THE U. S. A.

NEW REPUBLIC BOOKS
40 East 49th Street, New York, N. Y.
Telephone ELdorado 5-4000

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

conveys in a few strokes the physical weariness of a man trundling a heavy sample case through subway turnstiles, the man's swift numb impression of towns that mean nothing to him beyond the name of his hotel there, his customer, the possible size of his order, his train out. Behind all the pumped-up good humor, the eternal grin, the good fellow, the "This-one's-on-me" line, there is revealed the empty loneliness of the road, "the feeling that he was not wanted in the stores he called on, not wanted in the hotels, on trains, on buses, had to be there because he had to sell his picture frames, had to make people buy them and make them glad they bought."

The portrait of this little business man is one that is necessary for our contemporary gallery and could not have been done with more scrupulous integrity. Herrmann is a master of portrait technique, so much so that one wishes next time he would permit his talents a richer, more colorful subject. For though Crawford lives and breathes and you even know his voice on the telephone, he is definitely not the boy you'd ask to come right over for a little conversation. His blues are far too contagious.

DAWN POWELL

Russians Are Human

We Didn't Ask Utopia: A Quaker Family in Soviet Russia, by Harry and Rebecca Timbres. New York: Prentice-Hall. 304 pages. $2.50.

A GOOD MANY of our intellectuals seem to turn up in Moscow expecting some sort of Negro-Methodist heaven. Perhaps it is the fault of Soviet sympathizers, who in an effort to convince have oversimplified their pictures, but it makes one suspect that intellectualism of itself is far from sound, for the approach of these people is invariably visionary, emotional and romantic. They do not stop to inquire into the historical development of the experiment, what it is trying to do and against what odds, but are immediately impatient because they fail to find a rounded realization of some pet ideal. The title and attitude of this book are a rebuff to them, but that is scarcely its primary purpose or importance.

Before they went to Russia in 1936, the Timbres had done relief work in Poland, a short spell of famine relief in the Russia of 1923, malarial control in India. They were Quakers, believing in and hoping to aid humanity, even though it differed from their tenets. Except that they had faced difficult conditions before, they were a typical American family with typical American ideas of how to live. Their very simplicity and at times naïveté would make their story convincing to the most skeptical. Harry was a doctor and a scientist, a student of malaria. He and his family went to the USSR in order to live among the Russians, see what socialized medicine was about and aid in the vast health program of the country. Their book is their journal, with the letters they wrote included, of a year spent in a swampy, pioneer town near the Volga.

Perhaps more than that of any other country the history of the USSR is not to be found so exclusively in its

was not meant to be a book, gives the ordinary life almost better than any other I have seen. It shows Harry Timbres running up against the difficulties of getting new equipment for his fight against malaria, his wife struggling to keep up an American standard of living on a worker's salary. And because they were people of judgment and understanding, it shows that these difficulties were not entirely due to red tape but arose because the country was attempting to attack enormous problems in little time. It also shows socialized medicine and social security in operation, and the very real freedom of speech (in everything but the fundamentals of the Soviet idea), more real than anything we have ever known, that is an everyday affair in the Russia of today, and the democracy in the trade union or factory or clinic, where each worker has his say about the running of things.

These are some of the facts it establishes for those who have been content with the facile disillusion of our romantic intellectuals. But in the entries of the Timbres journal we can also see, vividly and simply, something of the occasional grimness and more frequent gayety of modern Soviet life, the friendliness, the devotion to the cause of a better and happier mankind and, particularly in the account of Harry Timbres' illness and death, the kindness and compassion of these people whom some would have us think monsters. It is an honest and human document.

ROBERT M. MACGREGOR

Penny Wise, Pound Foolish

Culture, by Ezra Pound. Norfolk, Connecticut: New Directions. 359 pages. $2.50.

A MAN DOES NOT have to agree with Pound to acknowledge the excellence of what he has written. For myself I disagree with him fundamentally and finally in what I believe he, as a man of responsibility, represents. But I cannot disagree with him when he says such things as "The magic of music is in its effect on volition. A sudden clearing of the mind of rubbish and the reëstablishment of the sense of proportion." That's what can be got from this book.

I believe it to be one of those essential books. Though in itself it may seem to carry little weight, yet, so long as it is there and *heeded*, a writer will be bound to go right in his writing. There's more good sense for him packed here than you will find in all the colleges of Christendom put end to end until they reach completely around the alphabet.

Pound begins with Confucius and the complete corrective to false knowledge inherent in the Chinese ideogram. Thence he sweeps zigzag through the entire field of culture . . . as only Pound would dare to do and get away with it. Aristotle comes next to Confucius, so far as I can see, though with all manner of texts and personalities between them. And the man continues—with enough damn silliness to purge a constipated mule by way of laughter. He flops about from lap to lap of some of the shoddiest fakirs of our time, frantically seeking to *discover*. He raves about his perverse preferences as though he were a pale schoolgirl with her first male teacher and then . . . brings himself back to seriousness by sheer muscle power [illegible]

DURING the past two months you have probably read and heard a great deal about **PURSLANE,** by Bernice Kelly Harris, and **THESE ARE OUR LIVES,** compiled by the Federal Writers' Project. But we should like also to call your attention to some other recent books from Chapel Hill—

SEVEN LEAN YEARS, *by T. J. Woofter, Jr. and Ellen Winston.* ". . . a book that should be read by every person in the United States who is interested in American agriculture and is concerned about the future."—M. L. Wilson, Under Secretary, U. S. Dept. of Agriculture. Illustrated. $1.50

TOBE, *by Stella Gentry Sharpe;* with illustrations by Charles Farrell. A little colored boy who lives on a Southern farm tells what he and his brothers do the year round. Of the illustrations, Guy R. Lyle in *Wilson Bulletin* says, "They are superb." 72 full-page illustrations. $1.00

TO MAKE A POET BLACK, *by J. Saunders Redding.* "Sympathetic understanding combined with intellectual honesty; pithy, original comments upon particular writers and their writings."—*American Sociological Review.* $1.50

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A RIVER TOWN: MEMPHIS, *by Gerald M. Capers, Jr.* From the time of the Chickasaw Bluffs to 1900, the history of Memphis has been a turbulent one—a strange mixture of South and West. And Mr. Capers tells this history from the point of view that "an adequate biography of any of our key cities . . . would be more significant to the national epic than the biography of even so prominent a figure as Theodore Roosevelt." Illustrated. $3.50

CALDWELL AND COMPANY, *by John Berry McFerrin.* With an objectivity not possible only a few years ago when the "Morgan of the South" crashed, Mr. McFerrin here discusses from actual records of cases, from newspapers of the period, and from personal interviews the "madhouse banking of the 1920's." $3.50

BLACK WORKERS AND THE NEW UNIONS, *by Horace R. Cayton and George S. Mitchell.* $4.00

TREES OF THE SOUTH, *by Charlotte Hilton Green;* with about 450 illustrations. $2.50

THE PARTY OF HUMANITY, *by Edwin Mallard Everett.* $3.50

CHILD LABOR LEGISLATION IN THE SOUTHERN TEXTILE STATES, *by Elizabeth H. Davidson.* $4.00

A HISTORY OF BRAZIL, *by Joao Pandia Calogeras;* translated and edited by Percy Alvin Martin. The third volume in The Inter-American Historical Series. $5.00

The University of North Carolina Press

CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

time. It's heartbreaking to watch him and a relief when he comes, as he always seems to, once more through.

What Pound is attempting brilliantly in his book, for all its follies, is to cut short the awful waste of life we suffer to gain knowledge. He is attempting to make it good form to find a way to the gist of learning before we are crippled by age and cannot make use of it. The swiftness with which we get knowledge should be one of its major virtues.

The monumental futility of our schools, holding a man back when, in the name of learning, he ought to be going forward as swiftly as he can in his short life, to knowledge, makes Pound mad. Delay, delay—until it is too late to do anything about it. He thinks that the reason for this delay lies in the economic impasse that usury has forced upon us. The reigning powers of what Pound calls "the bank and gun business" are afraid that people will see through them. They say to themselves, "Don't let knowledge increase too fast; don't let them find out while they may still be of a mind for action." *Usura* is the devil of Pound's story, the mark of the destroyer in our age. The schools hold that knowledge and action are of different natures. Pound shows them united into one.

And his conclusion from all this is totalitarianism! The failure of the book is that by its tests Mussolini is a great man; and the failure of Pound, that he thinks him so. The book should be read for its style, its wide view of learning, its enlightenment as to the causes of many of our present ills. The rest can be forgiven as the misfortune of a brave man who took the risk of making a bloody fool of himself and—lost.

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

The Book of Proverbs

Racial Proverbs: A Selection of the World's Proverbs Arranged Linguistically, by Selwyn Gurney Champion. New York: The Macmillan Company. 896 pages. $10.

IF THERE IS ANY TRUTH in the notion that the thorough cataloguing of a cultural manifestation marks its demise, this imposing exhibit suggests that the Era of Proverbs is about finished (with wisecracks, perhaps, taking their place). Here, in any case, is assembled a set of tools and weapons as handsomely formed as any that ever broke ground or skull. And what an admonishment lies there, for the writers of this copy-making age, if they could but *afford* to seek the succinct rather than the space-filling. Or, since he who says it fumblingly gets paid more for his fumble than for a clean catch (the fumble lasting longer), might it be possible, like the Elizabethans who wrote poetry after the proverb model, to find ways of filling space with the succinct?

The balances, antitheses, ratios (a:b::c:d), alliterations, internal rhymes, triads and periodicities that characterize the form (some of these qualities, of course, being lost in translation) make statement an *event*. And the pronounced overlap of proverbs across both temporal and geographical distance, the repetition of the same paradigms in different individuations, provides correction to those who would put too much stress upon doctrines of cultural subjectivism.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they are shaped to a purpose. The general tenor of this purpose is best revealed in the Subject-Matter Index, where we note that entries under "Caution (anticipation, foresight, forethought, precaution, prudence)" comprise nearly three columns, "Philosophy (complaisance, contentment)" over four, "Diplomacy (cunning, subtlety, tact)" five, and "Consequence" more than six and a half.

Prompted to mimicry by the style, we made up a homely proverb of our own: "A good fire burns the toast." Which, applied to the present volume, would mean: The very excellence of proverbs spoils them for straightaway reading. Rather, as here so amply assembled, they should be but *sampled*. Otherwise, one finds that his stream of consciousness is lulled to a drowsy murmur by flowing over pebbles.

KENNETH BURKE

New Books: A Reader's List

NO EASE IN ZION, by T. R. Feiwel (Knopf, $3.75). The problem of Palestine today, with proper focus on the conflicting interests of British imperialism, Arab nationalism and intransigent Jewish Zionism. The author presents a sound program of his own, as well as analyzing the disastrous consequences of certain alternative "solutions"—of which the most prominent is substantially the one that Great Britain is now proposing.

HONEST COP, by Lowell M. Limpus (Dutton, $3). A chronicle of the setbacks, most of them Tammany, which didn't keep Louis J. Valentine from becoming New York's No. 1 cop. No divulging of secrets here, but a good resumé of some civic affairs you may have missed in the headlines.

NORWAY: CHANGING AND CHANGELESS, by Agnes Rothery (Viking, $3). Norway considered with good sense, enthusiasm and a full stock of adjectives. Having already reported on Sweden, Denmark and Finland, Miss Rothery is on firmer ground here than the average wanderer with three hundred pages of impressions for the armchair tourist trade.

SOUTH AMERICAN PRIMER, by Katherine Carr (Reynal and Hitchcock, $1.75). A sound and sensible little study for those who don't know much about South America to start with and don't insist on being experts at the finish. Mrs. Carr has her say about Good Neighbors who sometimes aren't any more helpful than the folks across the way.

TINTYPES IN GOLD, by Joseph Henry Jackson (Macmillan, $2.50). The careers of Black Bart, Rattlesnake Dick, Dick Fellows and Tom Bell, four specialists in stage-robbing and other trades of the California highways in the mid-nineteenth century. The author gives most space to Black Bart, who added insult to injury by leaving poems for his victims.

GAMBLE'S HUNDRED, by Clifford Dowdey (Little, Brown, $2.50). A fine historical novel about a period that the historical novelists so far haven't worn to a shadow: Virginia in the early 1700's. The conflict between wealthy landowners and small planters affords room for what must have been plenty of research, but it doesn't weigh down the story.

ANNE MINTON'S LIFE, by Myron Brinig (Farrar and Rinehart, $2.50). The author of "May Flavin" didn't put his usual weight behind this one. About a girl who perches on a hotel ledge (like the man who jumped last year from

SUMMER RENTALS

FURNISHED BY ARTIST. Unusual Cottage. Living-room, fireplace, balcony, 2 bedrooms, kitchen, screened sleeping porch, modern conveniences, terraces. Bathing, badminton, ping pong, deck sports. Commuting distance. Phone mornings 8 to 10—WA. 9-7793.

SHARON, CONN., Furnished Bungalow; combined living-sleeping room; extra bedroom; kitchenette; lavatory shower; electricity; garage. Magnificent view Berkshires. $150 for season. Address: Box 151, The New Republic.

BEAUTIFUL, LARGE furnished rooms. Sea shore. Picturesque country surroundings. Small house. Reasonable. Mrs. Emelin, 2391 Grassmere Tr., Far Rockaway, L. I. Tel.: FA 7-3928.

HILLTOP FARM, unusual view for miles around. Only 1½ hours by auto from city. Small furnished house with outdoor pump and privy. Bathing in Raritan River two minutes by car from house. $150 for year. Telephone GLenmore 5-5139, or write Esther Karsner, 1131 Halsey Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

APARTMENT FOR RENT

GREENWICH VILLAGE: 2 huge rooms, complete kitchen, large terrace, 2 fireplaces, through ventilation. Furnished or unfurnished. July to October or later. Reasonable. WAtkins 9-2748.

TRAINING COURSE

TRAINING COURSE in social action. New School for Social Research, New York City, beginning October 1st. Full time training in established agencies for techniques of social action as distinguished from social work. Direction of Roger N. Baldwin. Apply New School, 66 W. 12th St., New York.

CAPITAL WANTED

WISCONSIN forestry cooperative association, now being organized by progressive farmers and foresters invites correspondence with socially minded investors. C. H. Stoddard, 392 N. River Blvd., St. Paul, Minn.

POSITIONS WANTED

FORMER MEMBER OF STAFF of University and State Labor Department, 5 years' experience. Personnel work, Guidance, Psychology, Education, seeks part-time or full-time position. Address, Box 159, The New Republic.

RESEARCH assistance and editorial revision offered by Yale A.B.; Columbia A.M., Ph.D. Graduate Fellowship in Social Sciences. Will travel anywhere. J. D. Silvert, Standish Hall, 45 West 81st Street, New York, N. Y.

SCHOLARSHIP

SMALL, co-educational experimental college is offering to outstanding students a few partial scholarships of $200 to $1000. Address: Box 158, The New Republic.

LITERARY HELP

THESIS WORK, RESEARCH PAPERS. Special Articles. Addresses, promptly prepared to requirements of busy professionals. Our extensive experience available at moderate rates, with assurance of scholarly serviceable results. Over twenty years consistent service to patrons. AUTHORS RESEARCH BUREAU, 516 Fifth Avenue, New York.

SOCIAL CLUB

NEW Contacts—thru our Personal Service dedicated to the promotion of friendships. Discriminating clientele. Write or phone.
AMERICAN SERVICE
Grace Bowes, Director
8140-N Godwin Terrace New York City
Telephone: KIngsbridge 6-2921

CORRESPONDENCE CLUB

HAPPINESS CIRCLE, the best anodyne for the lack

RESORT RATES:

DISPLAY RATES
1 inch 1 insertion . . $4.00
1 inch 3 insertions . 3 50
1 inch 6 insertions . 3.00

CLASSIFIED RATES
1 line of 6 pt. (6 words) 40c
1 line of 5 pt. (7 words) 33 1-3c

No reduction for repeat insertions on less than ½ inch.

THE
NEW REPUBLIC
40 E. 49th St., N. Y. C.

THE WORLD'S FAIRest VACATIONLAND

COPAKE COUNTRY CLUB

. . . in the Berkshires CRARYVILLE, N. Y.

June Rates **$25**
July and August **$30**
up—weekly

18-hole championship Golf Course . . . 12 Fast Clay Tennis Courts . . . 6 Handball Courts . . . Boating . . . Swimming . . . Dance pavilion overhanging moonlit lake.

NEW YORK OFFICE . . . . 116 NASSAU STREET
Make Your Reservations Now. Phone: WOrth 2-4730

RESORTS

Every Day IS A Holiday Here

Ditch the commonplace and make life unforgettable at this mountaintop wonderland of sports, gay company, adult fun and creature comforts.

"Table of Contents" Includes:
Swimming—Boating—Canoeing—Fishing—5 Fast Tennis Courts—Baseball—Handball—Horses—Basketball—Table Tennis—Solarium—Swing "Name" Band—Drama—Talkies—Music to Read by—and many more or less spontaneous surprises devised by a large, creative social staff.

Vital Statistics:
Elevation, ½ mile above sea level. Capacity, 250. Distance, only 118 miles from N. Y. C. The "check," only $23.50 to $27.50 per week.
WRITE, WIRE, OR 'PHONE!
N.Y.C. Office: 381 4th Ave. MU 6-8967

ALLABEN ACRES
ALLABEN, N. Y.
Tel. PHOENICIA 75
THE INFORMAL ADULT CAMP

SHADYBROOK INN: 1½ hours from New York, rooms with private bath newly furnished. American cuisine. Select Jewish clientele. Swimming, Horseback, Golf. $22.50 up. Popper, Patterson, New York.

RIP VAN WINKLE LAND. Enjoy peace and comfort at Elmwood. 250 acres. Elevation 2,000 feet. No social staff. All conveniences, swimming, etc. $10—$16 weekly. $3 daily. Day Line Boat to Catskill. Mountain Bus Line to Elmwood Farm. Hunter, N. Y. Hunter 8812.

SOUTH WIND
WOODBOURNE, N. Y.
PRIVATE LAKE—4 CLAY TENNIS COURTS
ALL LAND AND WATER SPORTS — MUSIC
SPECIAL ENTERTAINMENT FOR
4th of JULY WEEK END
RESERVATIONS
City Phone: LAckawanna 4-4026

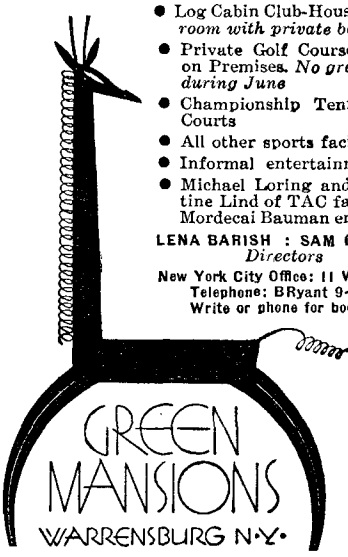
VERMONT VACATION

UNSPOILED VERMONT! Peace, quiet, beauty with small group of progressives, $15-$18 a week. Write to Reland Gray, Ethan Allen Farm, R. F. D. 2, Chester, Vt.

VERMONT IN JUNE. $13 weekly. Outdoor beauty in fine old farmhouse on quiet backroad. Ideal for artists and writers. Comfortable beds, extra good food conveniences. Write Mrs. Harold Weed, East

RESORTS

GREEN MANSIONS
A MODERN CAMP FOR ADULTS



- Log Cabin Club-House. *Each room with private bath*
- Private Golf Course on Premises. *No green fees during June*
- Championship Tennis Courts
- All other sports facilities
- Informal entertainment
- Michael Loring and Christine Lind of TAC fame and Mordecai Bauman entertain

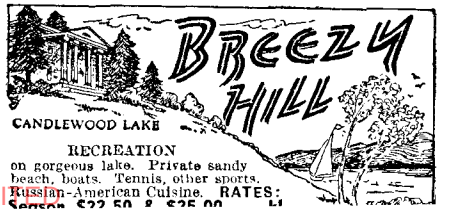
LENA BARISH : SAM GARLEN
Directors
New York City Office: 11 W. 42 St.
Telephone: BRyant 9-1738
Write or phone for booklet

For the third successive season the only Adirondack summer resort operating under a closed shop agreement with the Hotel and Restaurant Employees Union Affiliated with the A. F. of L.

Western View Farm now open
TWENTIETH SEASON
Two Hours from New York
RATES: $6 to $8 a day — $35 a week
TED OHMER, New Milford, Conn.

LE HAMEAU on Delaware River. Appalachian Mountains, 1,200 feet. French-American cuisine. Swimming, boating, fishing, tennis on premises. $18—$22.
LOUIS RIGAUD, EQUINUNK, PENNSYLVANIA

LOWER BERKSHIRES: 350 acres of charm, 55 miles from New York; lake; relaxation; $22.00 weekly, $3.75 daily. STEINBECK'S OAKWOODS, "the place to forget it all," Brewster, New York.



ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WINGS OF THE MORNING, by Edward S. Hyams (Little, Brown, $2.50). A novel that opens on a lively, dramatic note—three men mysteriously assembled by a dead artist who had thought he was God—but peters out when they all set about housecleaning civilization. Doubtless intended to be significant, but too confused to leave the reader feeling anything but giddy.

THE BRANDONS, by Angela Thirkell (Knopf, $2.50). A good-natured chuckle about English country folk, most of them angling for an inheritance that none of them really wants or needs. For those who don't care if nothing much happens as long as it does so with charm and amiable wit.

YESTERDAY, by Miriam Shomer Zunser (Stackpole, $2.50). The author's grandfather, a Jew in Pinsk, had twenty-four children, and this is the story of those who survived. No distinguished writing here, but gentle, winning recollections of the orthodox folklore that built walls around the Ghetto.

Notes About Books and Magazines

For publication on October 1, Simon and Schuster announce "A Treasury of Art Masterpieces: From the Renaissance to the Present Day," edited by Thomas Craven. The volume will include reproductions of 144 paintings from the Italian Renaissance to the French modernists and contemporary Americans, newly photographed in color from the originals. Price on publication, $10; pre-publication price, $8.50.

Publication rights of Professor Lawrence H. Gipson's "The British Empire Before the American Revolution" (reviewed by Louis Hacker in The New Republic of July 6, 1938) have been transferred by The Caxton Printers to Alfred A. Knopf. A fourth volume, "Zones of International Friction: 1748-1754," is scheduled for publication this fall.

To fill the need for a magazine that will emphasize the interrelations among several fields of historical study—philosophy, literature and the arts, the natural and social sciences, religion, etc.—a group of outstanding scholars are preparing to issue The Journal of the History of Ideas. Publication quarterly; price, $4 a year. Communications should be addressed to the Managing Editor, Philip P. Wiener, College of the City of New York, Convent Avenue and 139th Street, New York City.

A Correction

By a typographical error, a whole line was dropped out of W. B. Yeats's poem, "The Apparitions," printed in The New Republic of February 15. The first stanza should have read:

Because there is safety in derision
I talked about an apparition,
I took no trouble to convince,
Or seem plausible to a man of sense,
Distrustful of that popular eye
Whether it be bold or sly.
Fifteen apparitions have I seen;
The worst a coat upon a coat-hanger.

Symposium

SPAIN'S CULTURE in EXILE

SPEAKERS: **LOUIS ARAGON,** French Editor and Author
CONSTANCIA DE LA MORA, Head of Foreign Press Bureau of Republican Spain
Prof. ALAIN LOCKE, of Howard University

PAUL ROBESON

In a program of songs of the people
(ONLY NEW YORK APPEARANCE THIS SEASON!)

HOTEL ROOSEVELT Grand Ballroom (air-cooled) MADISON AVE. at 45th ST.
THURSDAY EVE. JUNE 29 at 8:30

Tickets: 50c to $2.00 at Rm. 201, 381 4th Ave. MU 4-5300

Benefit: SPANISH REFUGEE RELIEF CAMPAIGN
HAROLD L. ICKES, *Honorary Chairman*

Will you send us names of people who might become subscribers to The New Republic, if they knew more about it? We shall send them copies of the paper.

The forces of reaction have taken to the field again! Please act today

THE NEW REPUBLIC
40 East 49th Street New York, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Contributors

EDMUND WILSON is the author of "Axel's Castle," "The Triple Thinkers" and other books of criticism, poetry, drama, fiction and current history.

BERNARD KNOX is a graduate of Cambridge University who has been active in the student progressive movement in England. He fought in the International Brigades in the first months of the Spanish war.

JAMES BENÉT served for a year and a half in the International Brigades. He is a member of The New Republic's editorial staff.

BRUCE BLIVEN JR. is a graduate of Harvard and a member of The New Republic's editorial staff.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN, formerly the daily book reviewer for The New York Times, is an editor of Fortune.

WILLIAM SAROYAN's Modern Age books are "Love, Here Is My Hat," "Peace, It's Wonderful" and "The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze" (a reprint).

CHARLES A. BEARD has written widely on history, economics and politics. His latest book, in collaboration with his wife, Mary Beard, is "America in Midpassage."

ALFRED VAGTS, Charles A. Beard's son-in-law, is a German historian, author of "A History of Militarism." He was an officer in the Prussian army from 1914 to 1918.

DAWN POWELL, novelist and playwright, is the author, among other books, of "The Story of a Country Boy," "Turn, Magic Wheel" and "The Happy Island."

ROBERT M. MACGREGOR lived for some time in the Soviet Union, where he was on the editorial staff of International Literature. He has also taught English at a Peiping college, worked in a publishing house, and served as a United Press correspondent in China.

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS is the author of many short stories, several volumes of verse and a novel, "White Mule." He is a practising physician in Rutherford, New Jersey.

KENNETH BURKE has written, among other books, "Permanence and Change," a social psychology, and "Attitudes Toward History," an outline of political, economic and esthetic interrelationships.